

# CAMBYSSES

## King of Persia:

WILLIAM H. FLOYD'S

COLLECTION.

No. 996.

# TRAGEDY.

Acted by His Highness the Duke of York's  
Servants.

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Written by ELKANAH SETTLE, Gent.

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*Aut Famam sequere, aut sibi convenientia finge*  
Scriptor ————— Hor. de Arte Poet.

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Licensed, March 6. 1670.

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AMBAYA

Kids of the

Family

Family

Family

Family

Family

Family

Family



TO THE  
Most Excellent, and most Illustrious  
**P R I N C E S S,**  
*ANNE*, Dutchesse  
O F  
**B U C C L U G H & M O N M O U T H :**  
Wife to the most Illustrious, and High-born  
Prince, *JAMES*, Duke of  
**MONMOUTH.**

May it please your Grace;

**S**Ince the great Characters, and Subjects of serious Plays, are representations of the past Glories of the World, the arrogance of an Epistle Dedicatory may pretend to some Justice, in offering the Heroick Stories of past Ages to their Hands, who are the Ornaments of the

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

the present. — Once Persia was the Mistress of the Earth, the Royal Seat of the Monarchs of the Universe. Then, as that God, the Sun, which they ador'd, lends his kind Rays to all lesser lights; so all the Tributary Glories of Inferior Princes shin'd by reflection from the Persian Crown. But now that Sovereignty must cease, and the Eastern Monarch Cambyses can pretend to no greatness of his own, but comes to borrow Glories from the Western World, in seeking a Patronage from your favourable goodness. The same Cambyses whom History has represented to be a Blasphemer of the gods, a Prophaner of Religion, and a Defacer of Temples, is by your power become a Convert, and humbly payes his Devotion to that Divinity, to whose protection he commits himself and Fortune. — But whilst I thus boldly proceed to Dedicate this trifle to your Grace, I forget to ask pardon for the meanness of the Offering, and the confidence of him that offers it; a Crime unpardonable, were not your Mercy as signal as your other Virtues: For when kind Heaven honours the World with some Worthy and Illustrious Person, in which Rank your Grace must claim an eminent place; who, besides your late Affinity,

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

Affinity, are Allied to that Royal Race, to which England owes its three last Monarchs; Heaven, IJay, besides the Great Souls, High Spirits, and Noble Thoughts it lends such Persons, endues them too with more Familiar Virtues; as Courtesy, Generosity, and a Condescension to entertain the Addresses of Inferior Mankind, and to smile on the Endeavours of the meanest of their Subjects, and Admirers. Else they would be forced, like Planets, to move in a Sphear alone; and Greatest Monarchs, should they admit of none below them, would make their Palaces but solitary Prisons. The assurance therefore of these Virtues, which particularly posseß so large a seat in your Heroick Breast, animate me to present this Poem to your Hands, that it may take Sanctuary there, where in its Infancy it received protection. As he that's born under some happy Planet, owes the success of his whole Life to the Predominance of that kinder Star that ruled at his Nativity. The Entertainment you gave it in loose sheets, when it first saw light, encourages me to this presumption, now in its riper growth, to devote it wholly to your Self, and under that Title to stile it happy: Since thus Guarded, I dare expose it to the World;

and

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

and stand in less awe of Censures, when your Influence protects it, For, as that timerous Pilot, in a Storm, was Condemn'd for fearing Shipwrack when his Vessel carried Cæsar ; this Poem can fear no dangers when it carries your Name for its Defence. But besides the fortunate and glorious Advantages this Piece may justly challenge from the Favour of so Indulgent a Patroness, it entitles me to this happiness, the opportunity this Dedication gives me, of writing myself,

Madam,

Your Graces most Humble, and  
most Obedient Servant,

ELKANAH SETTLE.

## The Actors Names.

Cambyses, the true King of Persia.	Mr. Betterton.
Prexaspes, His Favourite.	Mr. Harris.
Otanes, Father to Phedima, & Orinda,	Mr. Crosby.
Heir to the Persian Crown.	{ Persian Princes, Generals of Cambyses's Army.
Darius, Contracted to Phedima.	{
Artaban, A Persian Lord of Cambyses's Train.	Mr. Smith.
Osiris, a Young Captive Prince, Contracted to Mandana.	Mr. Norris.
Osiris, a Young Captive Prince, Contracted to Mandana.	Mrs. Long.
Smerdis, an Impostor, Usurper of the Persian Crown;	{
Reigning in the Name of Smerdis, Younger Brother	Mr. Medbourne.
to Cambyses, privately Murder'd by Prexaspes: known	{
only to Prexaspes, and Patasithes.	Mr. Sandford.
Patasithes, His Friend; left Deputy of Persia, during	{
Cambyses's Progress into Egypt.	Mr. Young.
Theramnes, A Dilguis'd Syrian Prince, now	{
General of Smerdis's Army, privately in Love	{
with Orinda.	{
Phedima, in Love with Darius.	Mrs. Jennings.
Orinda, Her Sister.	Mrs. Dixon.
Mandana, A Captive Princess, Heiress to the Egyptian	{
Crown, Daughter to Amasis, slain by Prexaspes, at	Mrs. Betterton.
Cambyses's Command.	{
Auretta, and Atossa, waiting Ladies to Phedima and Orinda.	
Two High Priests, Persian Magicians.	
Captain of Guards to Smerdis.	
Villains, Ghosts, Spirits, Masquers, Messengers, Executioners, Guards,	
and Attendants.	
The Scene, Susa and Cambyses's Camp, near the	
Walls of Susa.	

Prologue.

# PROLOGUE.

With no small pains our Author has this day  
Brought on the Stage a damn'd dull serious Play.  
But what the Devil is he like to gain?  
If Wits, like States, with a joyn't pow'r might Reign,  
A Poet's labour then were worth the while,  
Could he plead Custom, and demand your smile.  
But that was ne're in fashion. Poets ought  
To write with the same Spirit Cæsar fought:  
Indiff'rent writers are contemn'd, for now  
There grow no Lawrels for a common brow:  
None but great Ben, Shakespear, or whom this Age  
Has made their Heirs, succeed now on the Stage.  
As Eagles trye their Young against the Sun;  
The self-same hazard all Young Writers run:  
They are accounted a false bastard Race  
That are not able to look wit i'th' Face;  
And therefore must expect an equal Fate,  
To be disown'd as illegitimate:  
Thus conscious of their weaknesses and wants,  
They know their doom; as deseris to young Plants,  
You no more Mercy to Young Writers show,  
You damn and blast 'em e're they've time to grow.  
Thus you have learnt the Turkish Cruelty,  
when Elder Brothers Reign, the Younger dye.  
But as those Turks, when they're for Death desighn'd,  
This favour from their Cruel Brothers find,  
Strangled by Mutes, who fitted for the Fact,  
Want Tongues to speak the Cruelty they Act.  
Knowing the dangers of a publick shame,  
Our Rhimer hopes his Fate may be the same:  
He humbly begs, if you must cruel be,  
You'd make no noise when you his doom decree,  
But if you damn him, damn him silently.

Cambyses.



# C A M B Y S E S.

Actus primus. Scena prima.

Scene, a Pavilion Royal.

*The curtain drawn, is represented Cambyses seated on a Throne; attended by Otanes, Darius, Artaban, Prexaspes, Guards, Slaves, and Attendants; with the Princess Mandana, and Ladies.*

*Cambyses descends from the Throne.*

*Camb.* He trembling World has shook at my Alarms;

*Asia and Africa have felt my Arms.*

*My glorious Conquests too did farther flye;*

*I taught th' Egyptian god Mortality:*

*By me great Apis fell; and now you see*

*They are compell'd to change their gods for me.*

*I have done deeds, where Heaven's high pow'r was soyl'd,*

*Piercing those Rocks where Thunder has been toy'd.*

*Now, like our Sun, when there remains no more,*

*Thither return whence we set out before.*

*Otan.* Returning thus, Great Sir, you have out-done

All other glories, which your Arms have won.

Inferior Conquerours their Triumphs get  
When they advance, but you, when you retreat.

*Dar.* All Worthies now must yield to you alone,  
And disappear, as Stars before the Sun.  
Thus *Cyrus*, who all *Asia* did defeat,  
Because so near you, does not seem so great.

*Prev.* *Cambyses*, no : Your Honour there must yield :  
Your Father *Cyrus's* fame has yours excell'd.  
Since in one Act he did all yours out-do,  
In leaving such a glorious Son as you.

*Camb.* Though th' utmost bounds of Earths large frame's my right,  
Where e're the Tributary Sun pays light ;  
Though the whole World has my great Triumph bin,  
Yet still I have a Conquest left to win ;  
*Mandana's* heart — *Mandana*, cease to mourn ;  
Your tears do those fair eyes but ill adorn.

*Mand.* These eyes, thus deckt in tears, become her fate  
That wears e'm.

*Camb.* No ; you must your griefs abate.  
Tears have, like Tides, their Ebbs : And each kind flow'r,  
After a sullen Cloud, and stormy show'r,  
Looks fresh, and smiles at the next Sun.

*Mand.* ————— That Sun  
Will never see my Father in his Throne ;  
That Sun that saw you Triumph in his blood,  
That saw you ( who on *Egypt's* ruines stood )  
Deface our Temples, and their Pow'rs defie,  
That lent me Chains, and gave you Victory.  
As if you to such want of Foes were driv'n,  
When th' Earth you'd Conquer'd, to wage War with Heav'n.

*Camb.* Their pow'rs that made my greatness so sublime,  
Have made my Glory and success my Crime.  
Forgive me that my Conquest was my fault,  
And what th' Impartial chance of War hath wrought.  
Forget his Death, and I'lle your fate retrive,  
Your King and Father both in me shall live.

*Mand.* You vainly your untimely favours place ;  
Thus treacherous Serpents wound those they embrace,  
A sudden trembling shoots through all my veins,  
And in my breast his murder'd Image Reigns.

Such horror does my haunted soul affright,  
That I must flye his cruel Murd'lers sight.  
You, by instinct, who did his death design,  
Assaulting of his blood, laid siege to mine.

[Exit Mand. and Ladies.

*Camb.* Ye subtle Pow'rs, that humane passions rule,  
That take your private walks within my soul ;  
Whence is your Title, that this pow'r you have  
Thus to degrade a Monarch to a Slave ?  
And yet such charms from those bright Circles flow,  
That I must thank her eyes that made me so.

*Prex.* A sudden sound of Trumpets strikes my ear

[Trumpets heard from within.

*Artab.* It seems the Voyce of some new Triumph near.

*Camb.* Some Herald, or Embassador, or some  
Poor petty Prince, that does a supplyant come  
To beg his Crown. *Darius,* straight inquire  
From whence they come ; and what 'tis they desire.  
Give e'm such Entertainment as may shew

*Cambyses* is their King, and Conquerour too.

What shouts are thele ? Ha ! louder yet ! Go forth,  
And tell e'm that I will allay their mirth.

Is't my good nature makes the slaves grow proud,  
To dare to be thus Insolent, and loud ?  
Loud, and ungovern'd mirth, rash Acts performs,  
Kind gales, grown turbulent, and high, are Storms.

[Exit Dar.

[Shouts from within.

[Exit Otanes.

Enter Darius, *in haste.*

*Dar.* A Cloud of People does your Camp surround ;  
And their Triumphant cryes echo this sound,  
*Long live King Smerdis.*

*Camb.* Ha ! What's this I hear ?

*Prex.* What may provoke your Sword, but not your fear.

Enter Otanes, *in haste.*

*Otan.* The Tumult's loud : Their guilty Joyes do shew  
They pay to *Smerdis* what to you they owe.

*Camb.* Does *Smerdis* then usurp my Throne? My Lords,  
We shall not want new Subjects for our Swords:  
Though the rash Boy's ambition does not know  
What dangerous height his pride has rais'd him to  
Yet I will make him know from whence he falls:  
Advance my Standard then to *Susa's* Walls:  
And the next Morning our bright Sun shall rise,  
Ador'd with blood, and Humane sacrifice.

[*Exeunt Omnes,*  
[*prater Camb. and Prex.*

Does *Smerdis* live still, a reproach to be,  
Both to my power, and thy fidelity?  
Subjects the breath of Monarchs should attend,  
Obeying that on which their lives depend.  
The wills of Princes, who then dares dispute,  
Whose Precepts, as their Crowns, are absolute?

*Prex.* If *Smerdis*, Sir, does any Scepter sway,  
*Neptune* has lent him that which rules the Sea;  
For there he lies secure: there, where each Wave  
May proudly pass Triumphant o're his Grave.

*Camb.* How then, Sir, are the dead so pow'tful grown,  
To make a Resurrection to my Throne?

*Prex.* You know I'm Loyal, and may trust he's dead.  
*Camb.* Thou lyest, Slave; one word more forfeits your Head.

How dare you tell me that he's dead, when I  
Think it kind fortunes greatest courtesie,  
That he still lives; and lives to wear my Crown?  
For since the Conquer'd World's already won,  
Thanks, ye kind Fates, that raise new Foes, t' afford  
Fresh subjects still for my Victorious sword.

Though *Smerdis* live t' out-brave his Kings command,  
'Tis but to fall by a more noble hand.

And that which does my willing sword invite,  
I now shall Conquer in *Mandana's* fight.

I'll Court her with the glory of my Arms:  
Conquest and War, like Beauty, have their Charms.

*Prex.* How, not believ'd! Have I so oft, for this,  
Obey'd his rage, and bloody Cruelties?  
When Rapes and Murders were but common sin;  
Such heats of blood have but my pastime bin.

[*Ex.*

And

And, in requital, I'm thus far arriv'd,  
 I find a Tyrants Favourite's short-liv'd.  
 My Death he threatens; Since he does distrust  
 My faith and Loyalty, it were but just,  
 That he should find me false who thinks me so:  
 Nor am I bred so tame, or born so low,  
 To be out-brav'd by Kings.

*Enter a Messenger, who delivers a Letter to Prex.*

*Mess.* From Smerdis, Sir, and trust  
 To find him grateful, as he finds you just.

*Prex.* Happy occasion. Now I may pursue  
 Both my Revenge, and my Ambition too.

Go tell your King, I must not stop my ears,  
 When Monarchs thus are my Petitioners.  
 Assist him! —

True. Statesmen should not regard  
 The Justice of the Act, but the reward.  
 The Median Crown! — His promises are large,  
 And interest will greater faults discharge.  
 Now I will find fresh subjects for fame's wings,  
 To tell the World I rule the fate of Kings.  
 Though I can't boast of Crowns, my glory is,  
 That Empires by my power do fall, and rise.  
 Perhaps the Frantick zeal oth' World may say,  
 I injure Heaven, when I my King betray.  
 Let Fools be just, court Shrines have homage paid.  
 To Images, those gods in Masquerade.  
 Religion, Loyalty, and th' aery scrawl  
 Of gods, are strangers to a *Seythians* soul.

[ *Afide.*  
 [ *Opens the Letter.*

[ *Exit Mess.*  
 [ *Pausung upon the Letter.*

[ *Exit.*

Scena

Scena Secunda. *The Scene continues:*

*Enter Mandana, sola.*

*Mand.* And will the angry gods for ever frown?  
Have I not lost a Father, and a Crown?  
But that which most Heaven's cruelty does shew,  
Who shares my heart does share my fortune too.  
The hand of War more cruel wounds ne're gave;  
*Osiris* too is the proud Tyrant's Slave.  
Could Providence this unjust deed design,  
*Osiris* should wear any Chains —— but mine?  
Our Fate the malice of our Stars does prove;  
If there be any Stars that envy Love.

[She Weeps.]

*Enter to her, Osiris.*

*Osir.* Do you remember those strict Vows you made,  
And those soft Charms in whispers you convey'd,  
When I, and *Egypt* both, did happy prove,  
They in their King, I in *Mandana's* Love?

*Mand.* I do, *Osiris*; And remember too,  
I always paid my promises to you.

*Osir.* Your Constancy confirms that happiness  
Which your high favour did at first confer:  
But souls so much divine can do no less,  
As gods are constant, 'cause they cannot erre.  
This day, I hope, our Mutual Loves shall crown.

*Mand.* Yes, Sir, it shall, if Heaven will give us leave.

*Osir.* When you, *Mandana*, smile, Heaven cannot frown.

*Mand.* No, unkind fate does your fond hopes deceive.  
You know, *Osiris*, that I made this Vow,  
That, with my Love, I would my Crown bestow.  
And from her Vow *Mandana* will not start:  
I'll give an Empire, when I give a heart.

But

But since my Captive fate my Crown has lost,  
Your hopes and mine thus equally are crost.  
To give you less, would seem too low a thing,  
My heart alone's too mean an Offering.

*Ofir.* In this decree you do too cruel prove,  
To think that Fortune can give Laws to Love.  
And to your Beauty you're injurious grown;  
You cannot borrow lustre from a Crown.  
No, he who in *Mandana's* Breast does Reign,  
Is taught all meaner Empires to disdain.

*Mand.* *Ofris,* no, your too fond zeal mistakes,  
Love will admit no Slaves — but what it makes.  
Love by our miseries would sullied be,  
Eclips'd, and Clouded in Captivity.  
Our Fate the Crowning of our Love controuls.

*Ofir.* We have but Captives fortunes, not their souls.  
Their souls to th' highest pitch of greatness rise,  
That can the empty frowns of Fate despise.  
In our dark fortune Love will shine more bright:  
As Diamonds borrow lustre from the night.

*Mand.* No, no, you must your hopeles Love forgo.  
You must, *Ofris*, — Love will have it so.

*Ofir.* And can you give what I shall ne're enjoy?  
Can Love a Lovers happiness destroy?

*Mand.* If e're my Stars my ravish't Crown restore  
Till then, expect that I can give no more.

[ She sighs.

*Ofir.* You are too cruel.

*Mand.* No, I am too kind.

This resolution in my breast is sign'd. —  
I do command you, urge no more.

{ Proffers to go out, at which  
} Ofris offers to speak.

*Ofir.* You may  
Command my Death, you know I must obey.

*Mand.* No, my *Ofris*, live, and live to be  
More happy, then you can be made by me.  
Yet from your Breast,  
Let not *Mandana* be so far remov'd,  
But still you may remember — that we Lov'd.

[ Exit.

*Ofir.* Oh, my hard fate!  
She does deny me Love, yet bids me live:  
Yet 'tis her kindness does this sentence give.

How

How strangely is my Happiness destroy'd?  
 Her too much Love Love's ruine has decreed:  
 As Lamps, that surfeit when they're overcloy'd,  
 Do perish by that Oyl on which they feed.

[ Exit.

Scena tertia. *The Scene, a Palace.*

Enter Smerdis, and Patafithes, with Guards and Attendants.

*Pat.* Twas by Heaven's pleasure, and our wills decreed,  
 To place the Crown of *Persia* on your head.  
 Let dull successive Monarchs idly wait  
 To be enthron'd by the slow hand of Fate.  
 And Phoenix-like, expect their rise, and power,  
 Onely from th' ashes of an Ancestour.  
 You by a Nobler force have Empire gain'd,  
 Wretching the Scepter from *Cambyses* hand.  
 Thus on his ruine you his Throne ascend,  
 And make the means as glorious, as the end.

*Smerd.* The Fate of Crowns depends on common chance,  
 Fortune and pow'r may to a Throne advance.  
 But to confirm that Crown our pow'r affords,  
 Requires our souls more active than our Swords.

*Pat.* You must yet Act unseen, and veile your pow'r,  
 Untill your Thunder's in your hand secure.  
 Till then, Sir, you your Majesty must shrowd,  
 Like Lightning, taking birth first from a Cloud.  
 Till you like that, a full-blown glory wear,  
 And gain at once, both reverence and fear.

Enter Theramnes.

*Ther.* Your Subjects joys grow loud, as is your fame;  
*Persia* speaks nothing now, but *Smerdis* name.  
 And their excessive joys so high advance,  
 Their Piety's joyn'd with their Allegiance;  
 Rendring that Homage, which to Heaven is due,  
 Adoring less the rising Sun, than you.

*Smerd.*

*Smerd.* 'Tis this must make my Sov'reignty compleat;  
Those joys that speak them Loyal, speak me great.

*Ther.* You Conq'rous have out-done: your name affords  
The subject of more Trophies, than their swords.

Great *Cyrus* glories must submit to you;  
He Conquer'd Nations, you their hearts subdue.

*Smerd.* This is but half a Gonquest; who defends  
A Crown, conquers his Foes, as well as Friends.

And now our cause for speedy action calls;  
*Cambyses* is in sight of *Susa's* Walls.

Go then, *Theramnes*, muster all our Force;  
Our *Syrian* Infantry, and *Persian* Horse.

Prepare such strength, that it may be exprest  
That we can conquer, if he dare resist.

*Ther.* I do not Conquest doubt: whilst Monarchs are  
Themselves above plac'd in a higher spheare;  
You, like the Heav'ns, your sacred pow'r dispense,  
You'll give us Conquest by your Influence.

[Exit.]

*Smerd.* See how the fond deluded World mistakes,  
And what false light my borrow'd glory makes:  
Yet such as dazles *Persia*. This disguise  
Has rais'd so thick a mist before their eyes;  
That my best Friends, *Theramnes*, and the croud  
Of wondring Subjects, all are in one Cloud;  
And their mistaken Faiths so far advance;  
That they seem Rivals in Allegiance.  
Like their Devotion who the gods implore,  
Men first believe, and then they do adore.

*Pat.* Thus Kings and Beauty in this Title share,  
'Tis the adorers eye makes Beauty fair.  
The *Persians* thus by their Allegiance show,  
You're the true Prince, if they but think you so.

*Smerd.* I by such Arts do the Worlds Empire sway,  
As the Worlds frame does Natures Laws obey;  
Mov'd by a Cause admir'd, but never known.  
Secrets of State and Heav'n agree in One.  
Thus I, and thus the gods themselves disguise  
Their high'st designs in darkest Mysteries.

[Exeunt.]

Scena quarta. *The Scene continues :*

*Enter Phedima, and Orinda.*

*Orind.* Love in my breast should with slow progres move,  
Were there no other interest in Love.

*Phed.* Why, what more can there be ?

*Orind.* Yes, I would have  
My Beauties Captive be my Honours slave.  
Brave Conq'rous scorn the prize they win, whilst they  
Aim onely at the fame of Victory.  
But your too humble Love takes a low flight,  
When you thus dote upon a Favourite :  
Can your *Darius* ———

*Phed.* ——— Can *Darius* seem  
Unworthy then of *Phedima's* esteem ?  
Twere Impious to wish my passion less :  
His merits, nor my Love, have their excels.

*Orind.* Love, like a pleasant Dream, disturb'd or crost,  
The fancy wakes, and then the pleasure's lost.  
My presence then will but injurious prove,  
Silence and privacy are fit ——— for Love.

*Phed.* And can she be so cruel, to reprove  
Her heart which to *Darius* does incline ?  
Whom all the World can do less than Love,  
At least, if I may judge all hearts by mine.

[ *Scornfully,*

[ *Exp.*

*Enter Smerdis, who having a while gaz'd upon her, advances  
to her ; she seeing him, draws her Veile over her Face.*

*Smerd.* Madam, too late you do my sight deprive,  
What's in a moment born, an Age may live.  
This makes you think ( that since your pow'r is such )  
Where an assault has won, a siege too much.  
Having th' assurance of your Conquest found,  
You hide the Weapon now you've given the wound.

*Enter Patasthes, unseen.*

*Pat.* Ha ! this strange language does mysterious sound ;  
It is a Riddle which I can't expound.

*Smerd.* Yet you must pity those chaste flames you raise ;  
The gods themselves smile on their Voraries.  
And yet the Heav'ns, when they vouchsafe to smile,  
Suffer no Clouds to interpose the while.  
But your injurious Veile permits no glance  
Should my fond hopes with the least glimpse advance ?

*Phed.* Stranger, what means this language, and how dares  
Your ill-bred confidence assault my ears ?  
This boldness merits more than my disdain  
And frowns can punish.

*Smerd.* — Yet your self restrain  
The Pow'r of both, whilst you thus Veil'd, confute  
That punishment your frowns should execute.  
The fiercest Lightning never wounds, when thus  
A Veile of Clouds is drawn 'twixt that and us.

[ Unveiles her.]

*Phed.* A Persian Ladies honour is profan'd,  
Who bears this usage from an unknown hand.  
What frenzy has possest your soul ?

*Smerd.* — Your eyes  
Do ill to make my heart their sacrifice ;  
And then condemn him who does offer it.

[ Proffers to go.]

*Phed.* My scorn's too little, where th' affronts so great ?  
*Smerd.* Hold, cruel fair, and your just anger stay,  
With such repentance I'll my fault repay :  
That I will shew my Love is so sublime,  
That it can expiate a Lovers Crime.

*Pat.* Ha ! how does his distracted fancy rove,  
Prefer'd to Empire, to submit to Love !

[ Aside :

*Smerd.* — I prest too far, I must confess, yet though  
Your coyness threatned, it invited too.  
Thus curious, we int' angry Comets pry,  
Which but, at best, threaten ill destiny :  
When our inquiry does not reach so far,  
To know the aspect of a milder Star.

*Pat.* Th' Infection spreads. No longer I endure  
To see that which I must prevent, or cure.  
Love, like the stars that rule't, should active move,  
You are too idle, Sir, to be in Love.  
Come, Sir, she's yours.

[ To Smerd.

*Pher.* Ye gods!*Smerd.* Hold, Sir, you wrong

*Pat.* I only tell you, that you talk too long.  
Lovers should not such tedious treaties hold,  
Love is a thing that's sooner done, than told.  
But you mistake; Love takes a Nobler course,  
Conquests are not by parley won, but force.

Here, take her then.

[ Thrusts her rudely to Smerd.

*Pher.* Defend me, Heavens.

*Smerd.* Rash Man,  
Hold your rude hands; you all that's good profane:

*Pher.* Audacious

— Oh, I understand you now:  
Have you Confed'rates and Assistants too?  
How dares your salvage fury grow so rude,  
To force that Virtue which you can't delude?

*Smerd.* Dispell your fears, your Virtue is secure,  
Since your protection is in your own pow'r:  
Thus doubly guarded, by the pow'rs of Heav'n,  
And by those pow'rs Heav'n to your charms has giv'n.

*Pher.* No, Ravishers; no more this language use,  
The success failing, you the guilt excuse.  
Your sting-less fury wants the pow'r to hurt,  
You know you are within the Persian Court:  
Your Violence chose an improper stage:  
This sanctuary guards me from your rage.

[ Exit.

*Pat.* See with what courage she her cause protects;  
You but the King, but she the Tyrant A&ts.  
But she derives her pow'r from your tame fears:  
She knows that Lovers dare not give offence:  
Thus fear makes gods; who deify'd the stars,  
But onely those who fear'd their Influence?  
If you then Lov'd, why did you not enjoy?  
Can a Kings Modesty his hopes destroy?

Smerd.

*Smerd.* Such base and unjust deeds would but proclaim  
Me an Impostor greater than I am.

*Pat.* 'Tis Kings make Justice, and not Justice Kings,  
And in that name you may Act greater things,  
And still be just. The *Persian* King's design  
No Woman more than for a Concubine.  
And in that onely name she should not have  
The Courtship of a Mistress, but a Slave.  
You then should force her whom you could not move.

*Smerd.* Force may support my Empire, not my Love.  
Beauty, like Majesty, is sacred too :  
And must it then be thus profan'd by you ?

*Pat.* Your thoughts and passions are too humble grown,  
You do forget you're seated on a Throne.

[ Exit. ]

*Smerd.* Can *Patasibes* so inhumane prove ?  
He gave me Empire, but destroys my Love.  
This is that *Phedima* I've seen before ;  
What I then but admir'd, I now adore.  
My privacy my passion then confin'd ;  
A flame too noble for so low a mind.  
Now nothing my Love's freedom can controul ;  
My Empire's limits do enlarge my soul.

[ Exit. ]

### Scena quinta. Scene continues :

*Enter Theramnes, and Phedima.*

*Phed.* Their rudeness was so great ——————

*Ther.* —————— And do they live ?  
Not you nor Heav'n can this offence forgive.  
Against you there can be no venial Crimes :  
Your anger ought to kill where it condemns.  
And I'll be th' Executioner. But teach  
Me where I may those rude offenders reach :  
And I will force their guilty blood to more.  
Than blush for their bold Crime.

*Phed.* —————— That cannot be ;  
For they are men I never saw before,  
Strangers alike to Honour, and to me.

*Ther.* Do but describe e'n then, and you shall see,

To

To find c'm my revenge shall, in your name,  
Quick-ey'd as Envy be, and swift as Fame.

*Phed.* By all I can describe I understood,  
Their Virtues are inferior to their blood.  
By th' Habit which they wore they seem'd to be  
Some of the Persian chief Nobility.

*Ther.* My Int'rest in the Persian Court shall shew,  
How much my zeal in your just cause can do :  
To find those Ravishers such search I'll make,  
That in their very eyes their guilt I'll track.  
I on my honour vow I'll use such Arts,  
Who e're they are, to reach their guilty Hearts.

*Phed.* Theramnes, stay —— Alas, he's gon too far.  
How fierce and swift the wings of Honour are !  
I fear that he will some rash Act perform,  
Hurried like waves that swell into a storm.  
And yet his zeal I cannot but approve :  
Friendship a second Rival is to Love.

*Finis A. 3. primi.*

[ Exit. ]

Actus Secundus. Scena prima. *Scene continues :*

*Enter Smerdis.*

*Smerd.* Let Heav'n whatever Fate for me design,  
Tis Smerdis must make Smerdis glory shine:  
My stars can-but their utmost pow'rs dispense :  
But I'll Act things above their influence.

*Enter to him, Theramnes pensively, not seeing Smerdis.*

*Ther.* It must be done. I'm bound by Honours Laws,  
And more, 'tis in Orinda's Sisters cause.  
I want not courage, and I dangers scorn :  
Yet on mine Honour such an Oath I've sworn,  
That I want power to perform my Vow.

*Smerd.* What serious thought fits on Theramnes brow ?

{ *A side.* }

Come

Comē, in your looks some great design I reade :  
Or some request for which your eyes do plead.  
Name it, it ihall be done.

Nothing shall make me from my promise shrink,  
For I dare Act whatever you dare think.

*Ther.* You cannot Act that kindnes which I want.

*Smerd.* You cannot ask that which I cannot grant  
At your request.

*Ther.* ——— Sir, in a Ladies cause  
I am engag'd by Honours sacred Laws,  
In her Revenge to Act a Champions part,  
To right her wrongs on her Offender's heart.  
But I shall be as blind in my pursuit,  
As is that Justice I would Execute.  
Nor can your pow'r, where th' Objects are unknown,  
Direct my hand, nor reach them with your own.

*Smerd.* Theramnes, you a Prince's pow'r mistake,  
Monarchs the secrets of the skyes can track,  
And search Heav'n's counsels; how then can mankind  
Act in a Cloud that which we cannot find?  
I'll find them if they live. —— But, Sir, her name  
Who does this Justice, and your courage claim;  
The time, the place where they did Act their Crime?

*Ther.* The Scene it was your Palace, Sir, the time  
This Morning, and her name is Phedima.

*Smerd.* That onely name does all my spirits awe.  
Then as I promis'd in your cause I joyn:

[Aside.]

Theramnes, draw your Sword, as I draw mine,  
To give the blow I will direct you where;  
And that you may not miss his Heart —— strike here.  
That you more boldly may her cause defend,  
Know her Offender is your King and Friend.  
What, does your courage shake, and must you pause  
When Honour calls you in a Ladies cause?  
Or is't your fear that does resist your Vow?

[Draws.]

[Points to his Breast.]

*Ther.* Though Vows are sacred, so are Monarchs too.  
'Tis not, Great Sir, the want of Courage stays  
My hand, 'tis Reverence o're my Valour sways.  
Theramnes dares not think much less act that  
Which the most salvage Lyons tremble at.

For

For Lyons dare not 'gainst their Prince Rebel.  
They want the pow'r to hurt, and I the will.

*Smerd.* These flight excuses are too weak: you must  
Perform your Vow, or be proclaim'd unjust.

*Ther.* A stronger tye that promise does remit,  
And I am now more just in breaking it;  
No tyes of Honour ever yet could be  
So strong, as the strict bonds of Loyalty.

*Smerd.* Then on your Loyalty I command you do  
What Honour and your Vow has bound you to.

*Ther.* And can you give so cruel a Command?  
'Tis Death against my King to lift my Hand.

*Smerd.* And what is worse, 'tis Death to disobey.

*Ther.* But dying thus I dye the nobler way.  
*Theramnes* dares not strike, but he dares dye  
When you will have it so.

*Smerd.* ————— My Cruelty  
You do mistake. *Theramnes*, you shall live:  
For that which I command, I can forgive.

*Ther.* But you command what Heav'n cannot permit.

*Smerd.* The wills of Kings and Heav'n together meet,  
You've made a Vow to reach my heart, and Heav'n  
To that great act it's free consent has giv'n.  
Your friendship, not your sword shall act that part,  
For you unarm'd, *Theramnes*, reach my Heart.

*Ther.* Your favours are advanc'd to that vast height,  
I fear that I shall sink under the weight.

*Smerd.* Sir, since you are engag'd by Honours Laws,  
To perform Justice in this Ladies Cause;  
Go use all Arts and Arguments to bring  
Her to the presence of the *Persian King*.  
Inform her that He knows those Ravishers,  
And that their Insolence has reach'd his ears.  
Since Justice to the right of Kings belongs,  
Tell her He shall be proud to right her wrongs;  
And, as their Judge, do Justice in defence  
Of Beauty, and of injur'd innocence.

*Ther.* I go.

*Smerd.* ————— And with success return, and may  
Those Stars that govern Love direct your way.

[Embraces him.]

[Exit *Theramnes*.  
This]

This gen'rous contest gave me means to try  
 Therannes's Friendship, and his Loyalty.  
 And happily I have contriv'd t' obtain  
 The sight of my fair Conqu'rour once again.  
 But oh, I can but think how I must now  
 Be both the Judge, and the Offender too.  
 But though I justly then deserv'd her frown,  
 Because she did not know I wore a Crown :  
 Now I more Nobly will her passion move,  
 I'll make my Crown an Agent for my Love.  
 If she esteem her heart a gift too great,  
 I then will purchase what I can't intreat.

*Enter to him, Prexaspes in disguise, lead in by the Guards.*

*Capt. of the Guards.* This Fellow, Sir, we in the Palace saw ;  
 And that which we from his deportment draw,  
 His too suspicious looks, and garb descry  
 A guilty fear, the mask of Treachery.

*Smerd.* Audacious Rebel, Slave, what bold design — —

*Prex.* Sir, my design is just.

*Smerd.* — — — — — And so is mine.  
 And of my Justice thus I'll give you proof :  
 See instantly the Traytor's Head struck off.

[ *To the Guards.*

*Enter Patasithes.*

*Prex.* T' express that I dare dye for you, that breath  
 That rules *Prexaspes* life, may give him death.

[ *Undisguises himself.*

*Smerd.* *Prexaspes* !

*Pat.* Ha ! *Prexaspes* !

*Smerd.* — — — — — Fatal chance !  
 Your care has witness'd your Allegiance.  
 Withdraw.

[ *To the Guards.*  
 [ *Exeunt Guards.*

Dear Friend, your doom is chang'd, and now  
 I must condemn my guilty self, not you.

[ *Embraces him.*

*Prex.* In this disguise I from the Camp am come,  
 To tell you I have seal'd *Cambyses* doom.  
 Lead by my Counsel, Sir, he does design  
 A three dayes Truce before the siege begin.

To which you must consent. —

Things must appear as smooth as calmest Seas ;  
And *Susa* wear the flatt'ring smiles of peace.

*Pat.* Monarchs and Statesmen have these mutual tyes,  
They by each other do advance, and rise.

[whilst he speaks, they whisper.

*Prex.* I'll gain you entrance.

*Smerd.* — Well, I do consent.

*Prex.* Your being unknown all dangers will prevent :  
The Tyrants life shall with his Empire end.

*Smerd.* A Monarch's Patron, and an Empire's Friend.

[ Exeunt.

### Scene continues :

*Enter Theramnes, and Phedima.*

*Ther.* And Madam, that you might see Justice done,  
I promis'd to conduct you to his Throne.  
But pardon me, if I have gone too far,  
When honour and my Friendship makes me err.

*Phed.* Honour and Friendship too have their excess ;  
But since I may my Innocence expres,  
And in their Justice my revenge pursue,  
*Theramnes*, I submit to follow you.

[ Exeunt.

### Scena Secunda.

*The Scene open'd, appears Smerdis seated on a Throne, attended  
by Guards, and other Attendants.*

*Enter again, Theramnes, and Phedima.*

*Ther.* He to their tryal will th' Offenders bring —  
Look there, and see your Judge, the Persian King.

*Phed.* Sure you mistake the Throne, or I the Prince.

*Ther.* His Majesty that error will convince.

*Smerd.* Fair Excellence,  
'Tis true, the name of Prince I changed have  
For that more glorious Title of your Slave. —  
But I recall that breath — I should transgres  
Against your Beauty, were my greatness leis.

[ Steps from the Throne.

He must be more than Prince, and Monarch too,  
 That so great Beauty dares adore as you.  
 Hence 'tis your Royal Lover, *Persia's King*  
 Presumes to make his heart your Offering.  
 The Noblest Present that his Love can make,  
 And yet the lowest you can stoop to take.

*Phed.* The Persian Monarch's Love ! Now I'le proclaim  
 My Constancy to my *Darius's* flame.

My courage in this cause shall act such things,  
 I'le prove my Faith by my disdain of Kings.  
 I'le treat him so, that Fame shall witness be,  
 None ever Lov'd, or ever scorn'd like me.

Are you the Judge to prosecute the Laws  
 Of Justice in those bold Offenders cause ?  
 Why then, kind Judge, do you forsake your Throne,  
 E're you've the Tryal heard, or Justice done ?

*Smerd.* Your bold Offender does repent his Fact,  
 And I but ill his Judge's part could Act.  
 To beg his pardon I resign my seat,  
 From being his Judge to be his Advocate.

*Phed.* But lest his Crime should want a just Revenge,  
 As you change yours, I will my Office change,  
 From his Accuser to his Judge ; whilst I,  
 To Act your Justice, will your seat supply.

[ Aside.]

[ Steps into the Throne.]

### Enter Patasithes, unseen.

For since he Loves, I'le use a Mistress's pow'r,  
 With all the rigour of a Conquerour.

*Pat.* Ha ! what strange Interlude must here be shown ?  
 A Woman seated on the Persian Throne !

[ Aside.]

*Phed.* This diff'rence Kings with common Captives have ;  
 Onely the Title of a Royal Slave.  
 And how can Beauty rule a Nobler way,  
 Then to command thus —— whilst their Slaves obey.

*Pat.* 'Tis she ; I'le stop —— But stay, I'le use no force.  
 I'le check her pride by a more subtle course.

[ Aside.]

*Phed.* Although you Monarchs are exempt from Laws,  
 As wanting higher Pow'rs to Judge your cause :

Yet that you, *Smerdis*, may have Justice done,  
Since you want Laws, I'll Judge you by my own.

*Smerdis*, what can you say in the defence  
Of your late rude, and salvage violence ;  
When, Ravisher, your guilt so high was grown,  
T' attempt my Virtue, and to blast your own ?

*Smerdis*. You know I was not Author of that Fact :  
Honour nor Love durst ne're such stains contract.

For they Heav'n's favour would but ill implore,  
Who first prophane the Deity they adore.

*Pher*. Honour and Love are but respective things ;  
Greater or less in Subjects or in Kings.

In which if Kings transgres, the more sublime  
Their greatness is, the greater is their Crime.  
And though you're now transform'd into a Prince,  
That Title does but heighten your offence.

*Smerdis*. Such Beauty does so well become the Throne,  
Be pleas'd, fair Judge, t' accept it as your own.  
Where you shall Reign in glory, and give Law  
To him that wears the Crown of Persia.

*Pher*. I scorn your Throne, and him that proffers it :  
My pow'r's too great, an equal to admit.

[ *Descends from the Throne.*

No, *Smerdis*, *Pher* is not so low  
As to descend unto a Throne, and You.  
Two lights together cannot equal shine,  
Mine will Eclipse your glory, or yours mine.  
And 'twould a lesser Honour be, to have  
A King my Equal, than a King my Slave.

[ *Exit, and after her, Smerdis.*

*Pat*. Is Love an object for his mind which shou'd  
Be now employ'd with thoughts of War, and Blood.

*Cambyses* now may his revenge pursue,  
And eas'ly conquer, where Love can subdue.  
Love does debase all Courage, and he is,  
Like tame Beasts, onely fit for Sacrifice.  
But I'll invent a Cure.

[ *Studies.*

Well, I'll remove  
Her safe enough both from his pow'r, and Love.  
Love is a Passion for luxurious peace,  
When idleness indulges the disease,

But not for Active souls. I've found the way  
To turn that current which I cannot stay.

[ Exits,

Scena tertia. *Scene, the Palace.*

Enter Smerdis, with a Letter.

Smerd. He that so well a King can counterfeit,  
Should scorn to stick at any smaller cheat.  
From his own Copies too I have so near  
Pursu'd Theramnes Hand, and Character,  
That the most curious, nay, Theramnes's eye,  
Did he but see't, could scarce the cheat descry.  
Well, it must take. I shall so happy prove,  
Both to find out, and to confound their Love.

Enter Theramnes, who seeing Smerdis, offers to withdraw.

Theramnes, stay.

Ther. ————— I fear I am too rude.

Smerd. Theramnes, no, a Friend cannot intrude.

Ther. But I have prest into your privacies.

Smerd. Friendship above all private business is;  
Unless it be the high concerns of Love,  
And Honour. But there we two equal prove  
Rivals in both.

Ther. What means my King?

Smerd. ————— I mean  
Onely one Beauty o're us both does Reign.

Ther. No, you whose Empire's greatness is above  
All Rivals, should admit none in your Love.  
And think you that my confidence aspires  
To Court that Beauty which my King admires.

Smerd. Think you I can believe you never saw  
The eyes and charms of the fair Phedima.  
Or can you utter so prophane a word,  
To say she can be seen and not ador'd?

Ther. Love, like Religion, never chose one way:  
That all should to one object homage pay.

The

The Sun does to the World his sight afford,  
But by the *Persians* onely is ador'd.

*Smerd.* Because the rest oth' World are ignorant,  
And do the knowledg of his God-head want.  
But you who know how great Divinity  
In *Phedima's* most sacred breast does ly'e,  
Can't but adore her.

*Ther.* ——— Yes, I can do more :  
I am beyond her Beauties charms, and pow'r.  
In this one glory I out-rival you ;  
Those eyes which did the *Persian* King subdue,  
Their pow'rs too weak to Captivate my heart.

*Smerd.* His Love's too strong to be compell'd by Art,  
Or forc'd to a Confession.

————— 'Twas th' excess  
Of passion made my jealousie transgres.  
But now I'm satisfy'd. That I may prove  
I don't suspect your Loyalty, nor Love,  
I will intrust this Letter to your care,  
But you must first on your Allegiance swear.

*Ther.* I swear. And in obedience to your will,  
Whatever you command I will fulfill,  
That to a Subject's care you dare intrust :  
Since your commands can be no less than just.

*Smerd.* Present that Letter then to *Phedima*.  
And if she chance to ask by whom 'twas writ,  
Beware you do not tell her, but withdraw,  
Lest that she should refuse the reading it.  
Then carefully forbear to visit her  
Untill such time that she an answer sends ;  
For by that means I shall my suit prefer ;  
And you will thus oblige your best of Friends.  
And then, Sir, whatsoe're her answer be,  
( For through your hands 'twill come ) present it me.  
Though he so resolutely did maintain  
He did not Love, their Love is but too plain ;  
How could she else such cruelty have shown  
To him who with his Love proffer'd his Throne ?  
Her passion has some more than common tye,  
When proffer'd Crowns can't shake her constancy.

[ *Afide.*

} Exit Theramnes with  
{ the Letter.

And

And that Theramnes is the Object too,  
 What was it else made him so rashly Vow,  
 When he but late Acted her Champions part,  
 To right her wrongs on her Offenders heart.  
 When the slight wrongs could only cause afford  
 For a Womans anger, and a Lovers Sword.  
 But yet this Letter will my doubts remove.  
 I shall discover their intrigues of Love.

If so —

By treach'rous smiles I will his ruine Act,  
 As stranded Vessels in a calm are Wrackt.

[ Exit.

Scena quarta. Scene, a Chamber.

*Ester Phedima, and Orinda, with Atossa, Aureta, and other waiting Ladies.*

*Orind.* Sister, you are so fortunate, to have  
 The Persian Monarch for your Beauty's Slave !

*Phed.* No, in my Love Ambition has no part  
 Monarchs may rule an Empire, not a heart.  
 Whilst my *Darius* lodges here, my breast  
 Too narrow is for any other guest.

May *Smerdis* still the Persian Scepter bear,  
 And may he still Reign ev'ry where — but here: [ Points to her Breast.

*Orind.* Does then your Breast no other thoughts produce ?  
 Love, like Wars Combats, should admit some truce.  
 Your pardon, Sister, if so bold I prove  
 To tell you what *Orinda* thinks of Love.  
*Atossa*, sing the Song I taught you.

*Atossa* sings.

*Sbe that with Love is not possest;*  
*Has not for that the harder heart :*  
*I think the softer, and more tender breast,*  
*would dull, would dull, would dull, and damp the dart.*

*Away with melancholy fits,*  
*whose strange effect our eyes disarms,*  
*Deposes Beauty, and distracts our wits,*  
*whilst we grow pale, grow pale, and lose our charms.*

*Love*

*Love does against it self conspire;  
Such languishing desires imparts,  
That quench the fuel, yet preserve the fire,  
Clouding those eyes, those eyes, whence Love takes darts.*

### Enter Theramnes, with a Letter.

Ther. This Letter your perusal asks.

Phed. \_\_\_\_\_ From whom  
Do you, Theramnes, in Embassage come?

Ther. My message, Madam, you will find writ there,  
Both in the Subject, and the Character.

[Exit.]

[Phedima opens the Letter, and reads to her self, and seems disorder'd.]

Orind. What strange disorders in her looks arise?  
How she casts darts of fury from her eyes?

Phed. Shame and confusion has so fill'd my breast,  
That I want patience to reade out the rest.  
Sister, do you proceed, look, and see there,  
What you will blush to reade, and I to hear.

### Orinda readeas the Letter.

Theramnes, to the Constant Phedima.

*Since our mutual Vows of Love have rais'd me to a pitch above hope or fear, to such an assurance of your affection, that I find the greatest Monarch in the world cannot supplant me in your esteem, nor raise his Love on the ruines of mine; You then, who have given my passion life, have given it also confidence to request the speedy crowning of our desires, to avoid the trouble of more numerous Rivals, which your Beauty cannot but daily add to your former Conquests. But since the immediate service of my King will not permit me as yet to wait upon you, be pleas'd to send me an Answer, but such an one (as I doubt not but you will) as shall proclaim me, as I am, your most faithful, & your most happy adorer,* Theramnes.

Phed. Proud Traitor to my Honour and his own:  
His confidence swells to a height unknown,  
To dare \_\_\_\_\_

Orind. Why? Sister, Lovers dare do more.

Phed. Lovers! why? did he ever speak before?

Or

Or utter the least syllable, or word,  
T' express I was the obje&t he ador'd ?  
Contracts, and promises, which I have giv'n ?  
Perfidious Lyar both to Me and Heav'n !

*Orind.* But perhaps he your kindness has mistook ;  
For Lovers track their Fates in ev'ry look  
Their Ladies do impart ; and ev'ry glance  
Does to an unknown height their hopes advance.  
The Languages of Ladies similes suffice  
For Lovers to reade contracts in their eyes.  
Did you ne're smile, or some kind favours show ?

*Phed.* Yes, what my Friendship did oblige me to,  
But could his proud thoughts so ambitious prove,  
To dare to think my Friendship was my Love?  
No, Traytor, no. *Theramnes*, you shall find,  
Choosing a Mistress, you have lost a Friend.  
But that which my disdain and anger moves,  
Is not so much because *Theramnes* Loves :  
Th' effects of Beauty Beauty can forgive :  
And we can pity those we can't relieve.  
But that which merits my just scorn, is this ;  
That he should think my Conquest easie is.  
Whilst in this Letter which you now have read,  
He does for Triumph, not for Conquest plead.  
As if a Ladies breast no courage held ;  
But our tame souls were onely taught to yield.

*Orind.* Your furious anger too much freedom finds,  
Silence becomes the passions of great minds.

*Phed.* Sister, I've done. *Auretta*, go and burn  
This Letter. Thus I'lle Triumph in my scorn.

*Auretta.* Condemn'd to th' fire ! That Sentence which you give, [ *Afide.*  
Too cruel is, I'lle grant it a reprieve. [ *Exit Auretta, with the Letter.*

*Phed.* But seeing he an answer does require,  
I'lle be so kind, I'lle grant him his desire :  
But such an answer as shall make it known  
I understand his merits, and my own.

[ *Exeunt.*

## Scena quinta. Scene, a Pavilion Royal.

Enter Cambyses, and Prexaspes:

*Camb.* —— Enough —— I am convinc'd of Smerdis Fate.  
 'Tis well my blood does not disturb my State.  
 How fits the Cloud upon *Mandana's brow*?

*Prex.* She does no time but to her tears allow.

*Camb.* Marble sheds tears, but cannot softer grow :  
 Her heart's still hard, and ever will be so.  
 You said you for her griefs a cure design'd.

*Prex.* Sir, to divert these troubles from her mind,  
 I have design'd, after a Martial dance,  
 A masque of Captive Princes shall advance,  
 Adorn'd with Chains, and Coronets of gold :  
 Seated upon whose necks you shall behold  
 A Prince Triumphant, deckt with Martial spoyls,  
 Amidst your Trophies, and great *Cyrus* toyds.  
 Hid in the Trophies of this Pageant King  
 An Eagle on the sudden shall take wing,  
 A Crown fixt to her Talons. As she flies,  
 And hov'ring mounts still nearer to the Skyes ;  
 When at the utmost height she finds her Chain  
 Does her intended Liberty restrain ;  
 Her Fetter shall her tow'ring flight recall,  
 Forc'd down, she at *Mandana's* feet shall fall,  
 And there depose her Crown.

*Camb.* —— Conduct her in,  
 And let this glorious Scene of Love begin.  
 Thus I'lle describe my passion. Love sounds best,  
 Like Oracles in Mysteries exprest.

[ Exit Prex.]

Enter Prexaspes and Mandana. The King and Mandana seated,  
 a Martial Dance is perform'd ; the Dance ended, the Scene opens, and the  
 Masque is represented ; at which Mandana rises, and offers to go out : at  
 which Cambyses follows her, and the Scene shuts.

*Camb.* Stay, cruel Princess, stay. Are your fair eyes  
 Afraid to look on their own Victories ?

Or, are you startl'd at your own great pow'r,  
 To see your Slave in the Worlds Conquerour ?  
 Who from your influence does his greatness take,  
 And Conquers onely for *Mandana's* sake.

*Mand.* O Fatal Beauty ! was't *Mandana's* eyes  
 That made you win her Crown, and Sacrifice  
 Her Fathers blood ?

*Camb.* — Your losses I'le restore,  
 With Crowns more bright than *Amasis* e're wore.

*Mand.* No, Tyrant know, my soul's not sunk so far,  
 To stoop to my great Fathers Murderer.  
 Have I my self no better understood,  
 Then thus to found my greatness on his blood ?  
 Your proffer'd Crowns cannot my thoughts controul,  
 You have subdu'd my Empire, not my soul.

*Camb.* Madam, how dare you thus provoke his hate  
 Who's the disposer of your Crown, and Fate ?

*Mand.* Ay, Sir, you of my Life and Throne dispose ;  
 And those are trifles I could wish to lose.  
 But know, proud King, my Virtue I'le secure :  
 My Honour is above a Tyrant's pow'r.

*Camb.* Captive, farewell. Since you so stubborn prove ;  
 I will take care you shall be taught to Love.  
 A gust of passion has uncalm'd my soul ;  
 My blood does with a livelier motion roue.  
 A fierce assault my drowsie soul does storm ;  
 And bids my Love wear a more manly form.  
 My Reason now shall my blind passion guide ;  
 I'le be a Vassal to her Eyes, not Pride.  
 Since then my mildness could not win a smile,  
 I'le learn to court her in a rougher stile.

[Exit.]

### Enter Octanes, Darius, and Artaban.

My lab'ring thoughts must now make truce. My Lords,  
 Will there be an imployment for our Swords ?  
 How strong's their Garrison, how great their Force ?

*Octan.* Their number, Sir, is fifty thousand Horse : .  
 And twice that number is their Infantrie.

*Camb.* Then they are fit to be o'recome by me.

You then must know from whence this War does spring,  
And who would be my Brother, and your King.

*Dar.* Who, but your Brother, durst your seat supply?  
A baser blood could ne're have thoughts so high.

*Camb.* You are mistaken, Sir, he wears no Crown,  
Unless that some kind god has lent him one.

*Smerdis* is dead.

*Otan.* ——— How dead? And by whose hand?

*Camb.* It was by his, and 'twas by my command.

*Otan.* Then the War's done; you've rob'd us of our Foe.

*Camb.* Ay, Sir, of him I rob'd you long ago:

'Tis not my Brother that does wear my Crown.

*Artab.* Your Brother dead, yet *Smerdis* in your Throne?

*Dar.* Who then is he dares that high Title claim,  
Usurping both your Empire, and his name?

*Camb.* False *Patasibes*, whom I rais'd above  
Either my Subjects Envy, or their Love,  
Has in requital rob'd me of that Throne  
Under whose lustre he so bright was grown,  
Thus the Moons kindness does the Suns requite,  
Eclipsing him from whom she takes her light.  
His Kinsman *Smerdis* he does subtly bring  
To represent my Brother, and your King.

[Points to Prex.]

*Enter to them, Smerdis, disguis'd.*

What's he that to our Presence does intrude?

*Smerd.* Sir, 'tis my Loyalty that makes me rude.

*Prex.* 'Tis he, Great Sir, who in our cause does joyn,  
The chiefest Agent in our Grand design.

*Camb.* And do you know that *Smerdis*, Sir, that wou'd  
Lay claim both to my Empire, and my blood?

*Smerd.* Dread Sir, to me he is so near ally'd,  
He from my breast cannot his secrets hide.

*Camb.* But are you sure he is your trusty Friend?

*Prex.* As sure as all the tyes on Earth can bind.

*Smerd.* On this, great King, we've founded our design;  
The charge of *Susa's* Western Gate is mine.  
And that which to our safety does conduce,  
You know the cons'quence of a lazy Truce.

[To Prex.]

Truces

Truces which seem but Martial Masques, and are  
 The Crimes of Peace dreft in the garb of War.  
 Know then, during this Truce, his Forces be  
 Arm'd onely for their ease and Luxurie:  
 You then this Night shall with your Army wait;  
 I'le give you entrance at the Western Gate.  
 Then on the East I'le give a falfe Alarm,  
 That e're his Party shall have time to Arm,  
 You shall have forc'd your Passage, won the Town,  
 Seiz'd the Usurper, and regain'd your Crown.

*Camb.* Well, I'le this Night, advancing in their head,  
 To *Susa* my Triumphant Forces lead:  
 None but my Sword my quarrel should decide.

*Dar.* Conquest and you, Sir, ever were ally'd.  
 But, Sir, the breach of Truce a stain will be  
 To the bright glory of your Victory:  
 'Twill an Eclipse to your great Fame produce.

*Camb.* Why, Sir, was it not I that made the Truce?

*Dar.* It was.

*Camb.* Then what I made I may destroy:  
 In this design you must your Swords imploy.

*Dar.* When you command, the cause we do not weigh.  
 You've taught our Swords to Conquer, and obey.

*Camb.* See that our entrance be with care prepar'd.  
 We shall not want success, nor you reward.

[ *To Smerd.*

[ *Exit Cambyses, Otanes, Darius, and Artaban.*

*Smerd.* Nought but his death shall for reward suffice;  
 For when he enters *Susa's* Walls, he dyes.  
 'Tis the last Conquest that his Sword shall have,  
 To win that ground on which he makes his Grave.  
 Brave Friend.

*Perse.* His death shall make our Friendship good:  
 No tyes so strong as what are writ in blood.

[ *Exeunt:*

*Finis Act. secundi.*

Actus

Actus tertius. Scena prima. Scene, *The Palace*:

*Enter Smerdis, Parasithes, and Captain of the Guards.*

*Capt.* **T**He Guards are set, the Ambuscado laid.

*Pat.* All preparations for the deed are made.

*Smerd.* You know your charge in this design, go wait,  
And give him entrance at the Western Gate. [ *Exeunt Parasithes, and Capt.*

*Enter Theramnes, with a Letter.*

*Ther.* Great Sir, your Royal pleasure is obey'd:  
Your Letter I with my own hand convey'd.  
And this, I guess, her answer does declare:  
For though it does no superscription bear,  
From hence 'tis yours I do the more presume,  
Your Titles being too large for so small room.

*Smerd.* Yes, they are large \_\_\_\_\_  
When they beyond the name of King extend,  
To that more glorious Title of your Friend.  
You know your charge, Sir, in this Nights design.

[ *Embraces him.*

*Ther.* Rivals in Empire can't together shine.  
This Night Cambyses dyes. Whilst *Smerdis* is  
Grown'd for our King, he for our Sacrifice.

[ *Exit.*

*Smerd.* Now, if I find he does her Love enjoy,  
Her kindness then her Lover shall destroy.  
I know his courage, and I will take care  
In this Nights cause he shall engage so far,  
To meet his Death. 'Tis a small Crime, to prove  
False to my Friendship, to promote my Love.

[ *Opening the Letter.*

*Reades the Letter.*

*Phedima, to Theramnes.*

**P**roud Traitor, since your confidence has rais'd you to a pitch above fear or shame,  
to dare to profane my eyes with such a scowl of Blasphemies, in taxing Phedima

of a Contract to Theramnes ; Since your guilty passion has made this your first address, know, that you have rais'd your Love on the ruines of your Friendship ; and that your guilt may be your punishment, may you Love still, and to that height, that I may triumph in my scorn, and make my cruelty able to give deeper wounds than my eyes : Love, and despair. But since your eternal Banishment can onely give a stop to all future Crimes of this Nature, never dare to see me more.

This does dissolve my fears. These lines do shew  
*Smerdis* is happy now, but cruel too ;  
To be thus jealous of so brave a Friend.  
But since I did 'gainst Friendships Laws offend,  
I'll Act such things as shall my fault redeem ;  
Kings can both Act and expiate a Crime.  
And though *Theramnes* Friend did the offence,  
*Theramnes* King that Crime will recompense.

[ Exit.

### Scena secunda. Scene, the Camp.

Enter Darius, and Osiris.

*Dar.* During this Truce we will to *Susa* go  
To pay a debt I to my Princess owe.  
Two Sovereigns, young Prince, have each their part,  
The King my hand, and *Pbedima* my Heart.  
But, Sir, your Friendship shares part in my Breast :  
I can't give y' all, but trust you with the rest.  
This Visit too is not alone design'd  
T'a Mistres, but your second self, a Friend.

*Osir.* My Rival, Sir, name him, what Friend is he ?  
*Dar.* I am unknown to him, and he to me,  
Strangers to each.

*Osir.* \_\_\_\_\_ This is a Riddle too ;  
A Friend, and one you never saw, nor knew.

*Dar.* But, Sir, I am no stranger to his Fame :  
*Theramus's* Virtues do my Friendship claim.

*Osir.* But whence arise this mystick sympathy ?  
*Dar.* 'Twas *Pbedima's* fair hand that made this tye.  
His worth, his deeds, his service she commends :  
That 'twere unjust we should be less than Friends.

She gives him such a glorious Character,  
That being his Friend, I do but second her.  
And then her Letters tell me, how that she  
Has giv'n him such a Character of me,  
That he already is impatient grown,  
Till both of us are to each other known.

*Osir.* Friendship a stranger progres's never made;  
That by a Mediatour is convey'd,  
You court *Theramnes*'s Love, a Friend unseen;  
As Kings by Proxies Court a Forreign Queen.

*Enter Messenger, who delivers Darius a Letter.*

*Dar.* From whence?

*Mess.* From *Susa*, Sir.

*Dar.* — Then may it prove,  
Some kind and happy Embassy of Love.

[Kisses the Letter]

[Opens the out-side Letter, and reads,

*Auretta, to her Lord Darius.*

*T*He greatness of your generous favours, and the confidence you have been pleased  
to place in me, has obliged me, having found this Letter escap'd from my La-  
dies hand, to present it to yours, as a token that I am still your most faithfull confident  
of your passion, and Advocate in your Love;

*Auretta.*

[Opens the inclosed, and reads,

*Theramnes, to the Constant Phedima.*

The Prologue's strange — but I'le suppress my doubt;  
And stay my wonder, till I've read it out.

[Reades to himself, and seems much disorder'd.

*Osir.* What sudden change does in his Face appear?  
Such looks *Darius* brow ne're us'd to wear.  
It must be something more than common blasts  
Of Fortune can raise storms within his breast.

*Dar.* — Your most faithful, and most happy adorer,  
*Theramnes.* [Reads aloud.

Are these the plagues of Love? Am I betray'd?  
Has she a Contract with *Theramnes* made?  
And can Heav'n suffer it? Sir, if you dare  
Out-face the worst of Treasons, reade e'm there.

[Gives the Letter to Osiris,

Try

Try if your courage does not start to see  
 A more inhumane Barb'rous cruelty,  
 Than Heaven, or Hell, —— Furies, or Fate, —— or all,  
 But Woman can invent, —— but these are small,  
 And petty sportive Crimes in them, to prove  
 False, and disloyal to their Oaths, and Love.  
 Is this the Man she prais'd? Is Love so blind,  
 I could not see my Rival in her Friend?

[Ragingly.]

*Sir.* She does your merits wrong. But 'tis the Fate [Having read the Letter.  
 Of Lovers, Sir, to be unfortunate.

*Dar.* But since *Darius* such hard fortune bears,  
 I will out-do the malice of my stars.  
 I'll be more cruel than my Fate, I'll make  
 My just revenge my injur'd cause partake.  
 Revenge the onely pleasure of despair:  
 Him from her breast, or her from his I'll tear.  
 I'll end my wrongs by his or my own Fate;  
 Losing her Love, I will deserve her hate.  
 His blood, or mine, my fury shall atone:  
 I'll cause his fall, or crush him with my own.

[Exit.]

### Scena tertia. Scene, a private Walk:

Enter Phedima, and Orinda.

*Phed.* Therannes sure durst not commit a Fact,  
 Should forfeit all his Honour in one Act.  
 The Virtues of his breast so numerous were,  
 He could not in one moment raze out all;  
 Great Virtues, like great Empires, ruin'd are,  
 They by degrees must sink, before they fall.  
 To dare to write that which he needs must know  
 Was false, and I must needs resent it so.

*Orind.* No more —— I see Therannes walk this way.

*Phed.* Then, to resolve my doubt, Orinda stay,  
 And tax him of his Love, and by degrees  
 Search out the grounds of his late injuries;  
 And found his heart, and how he does resent  
 My Cruelty, and his late banishment.

{ Exit Phedima, within the Scenes,  
 to over-hear them;

## Enter Theramnes.

*Orind.* Theramnes, let me but one question move.

*Ther.* Your pleasure, Madam.

*Orind.* ————— Did you ever Love ?

*Ther.* What does she mean ! that she whom I adore  
Should ask me that I ne're durst speak before.

Assist me, Courage, that I may but prove

So Valiant, as to tell her that I Love.

*Orind.* What does your answer need so great a pause?

*Ther.* And can you doubt th' effect, who are the cause?

How can you think that he who sees your eyes,

Can be exempted from their Victories ?

To doubt I love you your own pow'r suspect :

From such bright charms who can his heart protect ?

Strangers to Love must Strangers be to you :

*Orind.* See how his confidence flatters me too.

But I perceive his Art, he by this pause

Seeks to divert me from my Sisters cause,

By forcing me t' a blush on my own score,

That I may tax him in her name no more.

His guilt's so great, that he's ashamed to hear —

But thall —

———— Sir, these expressions needless are;

I know your Love.

*Ther.* ————— What could my stars do more,

Then that *Orinda* knew my Love before?

*Orind.* Since you your self a Captive do confess,

Theramnes, then leave it to me to guess

Your Conquerour.

*Ther.* How cunningly she would my passion hear,

Yet seems aham'd that I should tell it her!

Well, in such language I'lle my passion dress,

She shall not blush to hear what I'lle express.

*Orind.* But of what date has this your passion been ?

*Ther.* Since the first day I had my Conquerour seen.

In a deep silence, and as great a fear,

In vain I spent a long and tedious year.

{ Aside.

{ Aside.

[ To him,

[ Aside.

{ Aside.

And

And like that year now it's whole course is run,  
There find my self where I at first begun:

*Orind.* And could your passion to this height advance,  
And you not dare to give it utterance?

*Ther.* My passion, Madam, I could ne're disguise  
So much, but she might reade it in my eyes.  
Beauties that in our hearts nourish a fire,  
Like to the gods that do those flames inspire,  
Their Servants silence seldom do mistake,  
But know their wishes, though they never speak.  
Thus I have utter'd it.

*Orind.* ——— And only thus?

*Ther.* Perhaps some few sights an escape have made :  
But those I checkt as too ambitious,  
Fearing they had my high-plac'd Love betrai'd.

*Orind.* Did you ne're write to her whom you ador'd ?

*Ther.* My passion ne're such courage could afford.  
I never did, nor durst.

*Orind.* ——— False man, I saw  
That Letter which you wrote to *Pbedima*.  
Where you so boldly did your Love defend,  
And to her heart so great a right pretend,  
As if you there had been so long a guest,  
That nothing could remove you from her breast.

*Ther.* What does she mean ? Unless she jealous be  
I Love else-where, and tryes my constancy.  
If it be so, how can I happier prove ?  
For where there's Jealousie, there must be Love.

*Orind.* Speak, did you not presume to tell her, how  
You claim'd her Love by Contract, and by Vow ?  
Can you deny't ? or think I never saw,

*Ther.* Annes to the Constant *Pbedima* ?  
Did I not see't by your own hand convey'd ?

*Ther.* Too late I find I'm by my King betray'd.  
'Twas from another hand that Letter came:  
I neither th' Author, nor the Subject am.

*Orind.* False man, did it not bear your name, and can  
Your confidence deny you are the man ?

*Ther.* O pardon me, if Arguments I want  
To clear my self of what I'm ignorant,

{ *A side.*

[ *A side.*  
[ *To her.*

As well as innocent. That I may prove  
I ne're aspir'd to your fair Sisters Love :  
Nor ever could, nor durst ; let this suffice,  
I owe my Conquest to *Orinda's* eyes.

*Orind.* Oh, now I find —— this answer merits more  
Than all your rudeness on my Sisters score.  
Since thus your guilt too must extend to me,  
Know, I can frown, and scorn, as well as she.

*Ther.* Stay, cruel, stay, and frown again, so fair  
A Beauty charms ev'n in her frowns does wear.

*Orind.* Since your Audacious folly's grown so great,  
Yes, I will stay ; but onely to repeat  
That sentence which my Sister gave before,  
*Theramnes*, never dare to see me more.

*Ther.* Condemn'd never to see *Orinda* more !  
And am I banisht on my Princes score ?  
To which of these two shall I faithful be,  
Thus streighten'd betwixt Love and Loyaltie ?  
For there I to my King have silence sworn,  
Performing which I gain my Mistress's scorn.  
On th' other side, should I, in my defence,  
Accuse my King, and prove my innocence :  
Should I disclose by whom those lines were writ ;  
And by mine, my Kings Treachery requite :  
On this side then *Theramnes* would but prove  
False to his Honour, to promote his Love.  
But I'll be true to both, and act such things,  
As shall express that I can out-do Kings.

[Exit.]

[Exit.]

Enter Phedima, and *Orinda*.

*Phed.* Sister, his Conquest to your eyes is due :  
And Loving you he cannot Love me too.

Enter two Villains, unespied by Phedima, and *Orinda*.

1. *Vil.* We are to seize the Princess *Phedima* :  
And she has took a private Walk this way.

2. *Vil.* And *Patasibes* gave us charge, that we  
Should take the safest opportunity.

3. *Vil.* Oh,

1. Vil. Oh, here's the prize ; let's seize 'em,  
 2. Vil. Stay, I'll go,  
 And see first if the Coast be clear, or no ;  
 Lest by some sudden rescue they escape.

[Exit second Vil.]

1. Vil. They're object's more for pity, than a rape.  
 Had not our Patrons bounty made us bold,  
 Beauty wants pow'r when we're first charin'd with gold.

Phed. Denying that he writ it, does express  
 He has no hopes in't, nor expects success.  
 Then, Sister, the design must only be  
 A deed of malice in affront to me. —  
 But that he scorns. No, 'tis some counterfeit,  
 And by some other envious hand 'twas writ.

*Enter again, the second Villain.*

2. Vil. I've view'd around, and I can onely spy  
 One man within the prospect of my eye.

1. Vil. One single man shall not disturb our prize,  
 For if he chance to come this way, he dyes. [They rush, and seize the Ladies.]

Both Ladies. Help, help. Inhumane Ravishers.

*Enter Theramnes.*

Ther. What sudden cry's this that invades my ears ?  
 Ha ! Ravishers ! and my Orinda too !  
 My Sword must plead what my Love could not do.  
 Unhand 'em, Villains. Beauty never is  
 Ordain'd for such a rude embrace as this.  
 Unhand 'em, or you dye.

[Draws.]

1. Vil. — That you shall do :  
 Our Swords shall act that kindnes, Sir, for you. [Both Villains draw upon him.]  
 [The Ladies step in between them, to part them.]

Phed. Hold, Villains, Hold.

Ther. Give me leave.

My Title their base number does surpass ;  
 I need no other Second, but your cause. [Puts the Ladies by, and fights.]  
 [Phedima and Orinda run out, crying, help.]

*Enter:*

## Enter to them fighting, Darius.

Dar. Since Honour does to th' weakest part incline,  
Against such odds it makes the Quarrel mine.  
Give them their Lives.

I. Vil. ——— We scorn a base Reprieve: [Fights on, two Villains fall.  
We'll either Conquer'd dye, or Conquerours live.

Ther. 'Tis your assistance has the glory won,  
Your generous aid, Sir, has my Sword out-done.

Dar. I'm happy in performing Honours Laws,  
But shall be happier when I know the Cause.

Ther. 'Twas in two Ladies Quarrels that I drew  
That Sword that's now made fortunate by you.  
Beauties, whose pow'rful infl'en'ce is so great,  
To guide our Swords, we could not but defeat  
An Army in their Cause,

Dar. Know you their Name?

Ther. Strangers to that, are Strangers too to Fame.  
Phedima, and Orinda.

Dar. Ha! in their cause!

Ther. —— Fortune could ne're afford  
A cause more Noble to Therannes's Sword.

Dar. Therannes! O ye gods! Thanks to my Fate.  
That at this hour has made me fortunate.

Ther. The happiest chance that our kind stars could send,  
That we their Lives and Honours should defend.

Dar. In their defence you have your courage shown,  
But you will shew it better in your own.

Ther. This strange assault I cannot understand.

Dar. My meaning's legible — here in my hand.

Ther. That Language is too hard to b' understood.

Dar. It will be plainer when 'tis writ in blood.

Draw, Traytor.

Ther. —— First, you'll give me leave to know  
From what strange root this sudden rage does grow.

Dar. Your parky does but my Revenge delay.

Ther. Then take your Conquest this more humble way. [Profess his Sword.  
For Honour holds my hand from a design  
Against his Life who bravely gave me mine.

Dar. Honour

Dar. Honour a Refuge for your fear procures.  
That debt you owe my Sword, pay it with yours.

Ther. Such a rude payment —

Dar. — Such a weak pretence  
Serves but to yield a Coward a defence.

Ther. My patience cannot to that name submit,  
I'm sorry you must have the proofs of it.

[ Theramnes draws off from Darius in fighting, and offers to speak.

Ther. Sir, do but hear —

Dar. — Must you a parley make,  
Thus to take breath, when 'tis the last you'll take?

[ Fights on, and gives Theramnes a mortal wound.

Enter to them fighting, Osiris, Phedima, and Orinda.

Phed. What new assault is this ?

Osir. — Darius, hold.  
Your fury 'gainst this Stranger is too bold.

Ther. Darius !

The onely man on Earth whom I design'd  
To be my Friend, my Murderer I find.

Phed. Darius !

What Fatal cause enrag'd you to this strife,  
To use your Sword 'gainst my Protector's Life ?

Ther. My Blood runs slow: Fate now Acts it's last part,  
And Deaths cold hand moves faintly o're my heart.

Phed. I'm bound in Honour for that aid you lent.

Ther. That Bond you Cancel in th' acknowledgment.

Phed. My freedom you releast, a gift so great,  
That I must owe a Ransom, not a Debt.

But, Sir, what rage arm'd you to this bold deed,  
Against Theramnes, whom the Fates decreed —

Dar. Against Theramnes whom you have decreed  
Should in your Love too happily succeed.

Phed. Are these the grounds ? Your jealousie remove,  
He's Rival to your Courage, not your Love.  
His Valour 'twas that did my Honour guard,  
Which your rude fury did but ill reward.

From these bold Ravishers, whose blood he spilt,  
Rescu'd my Life, and recompenc'd their guilt.

[ Aside.

[ Aside.

[ To Ther.

[ To Dar.

[ Points to the two Villains.

Ther. My.

*Ther.* My ling'ring spirits do still faintly hault ;  
Death sure has laid a siege, not an assault.

[ Aside.]

*Dar.* Since you mistake his Love, you shall not err,  
I'll shew you't in a plainer Character.

Have you forgot so soon since you first saw,  
*theramnes* to the constant *Phedima* ?

Dare you reade this ?

*Phed.* What is't I dare not do ?

[ Gives her the Letter.  
Looks upon the Letter.]

Has false *Auretta* then betray'd me too !  
This pamphlet I have seen, and read, and more —  
But did *Theramnes* ever lee't before ?

[ Aside.]

Know you this hand ?

[ Gives the Letter to Theramnes.]

[ To Dar.]

——— And do you know this Breast ?  
Suspitious man, dares your weak faith digest  
Such base low thoughts of me, to dare to think  
My Virtue can grow less, or Courage shrink ?  
Your Crime had been more venial, and less strange,  
T' have thought my Beauty, then my soul could change ?  
Whatever I durst Act, I dare defend.

*Ther.* Is this the kindness of my King and Friend ?  
It bears my Name, but not my Character.  
My passion is not written there, — but here.  
In *Phedima*'s fair eyes such glories shine,  
As may command all hearts to yield — But mine,  
But from her Charms I did my Breast defend :  
And I am not your Rival, but your Friend.

[ Aside.]  
[ Throws away the Letter.  
Points to his Breast.]

*Dar.* And can you your own Name deny, and see  
That Letter witness of your perjurie ?

*Ther.* That Letter, Sir, is forg'd and counterfeit.

*Dar.* By whom ?

*Ther.* You must not know by whom 'tis writ.

*Dar.* Then will I force —

*Ther.* — You shall not, Sir, nor must  
I break my promise, nor betray my trust.  
Since Honour does my secrecy enjoyn,  
Rather than break my Vow, I'll own it mine.

*Dar.* Then will I force that breath to be your last.  
[ *Ther.* That Fatal sentence is already past.  
Dispute no more of that forg'd Character :  
But what your Valour, Sir, has writ, reade here.]

[ Points to his wounds.  
Yet]

Yet though your Sword has made my blood ebbe low,  
 My courage still to the same height does flow.  
 And still my breast is large enough t'afford  
 Room for your Friendship, as it did your Sword.  
 No more your groundleſſ jealousies pursue ;  
 My Conquest to *Orinda's* eyes is due.  
 But I want breath, not words, for my defence,  
 To prove *Theramnes's* injur'd innocence.  
 Yet if I win your Friendship, I can't call  
 This my defeat, who conquer when I fall.  
 And may *Theramnes* now so happy prove,  
 Who in his Life could not deserve your Love,  
 To win *Orinda's* pity when he dyes,  
 In Life your Slave, in Death your Sacrifice.

[Falls.]

[To *Orinda*.  
Faints away, as dead.]

*Pheid.* Now see what your mistaken rage has done,  
 And Triumph at the Conquest you have won.  
 Look there, and tremble, if you have a ſenſe  
 Of horrore equal to his innocence.

*Dar.* He's gone ! too late thy innocence appears :  
 The current of my rage now turns to tears.  
*Osiris*, run, call all the help that's near,  
 Whilst I my helpleſſ griefs echo to th' Air.  
 Yet the kind gods have not plac'd Heav'n ſo high,  
 But that our ſighs and pray'rs may mount the Sky.  
 Was this the onely way to reach his heart,  
 Where he too generously gave me part ?  
 Could I thy Innocence no ſooner find ?  
 Is cruel Jealousie, like Love, too blind ?

[Exit *Osiris*.]

Enter *Osiris*, with Attendants, who take up the Body of *Theramnes*.

Thy blood by my unhappy hand was ſpilt,  
 Love, like Religion, in th' excef grows guilt.  
 Thus Love turns Jealousie when too ſublime :  
 As Superftition is Devotion's Crime.

Use all the Arts that may restore his breath,      } To *Osiris*, and the Attendants,  
 Or beg, at leaſt, one hour's reprieve of Death,      } who carry off *Theramnes*.  
 That I t' his parting ſoul in tears may tell  
 My griefs, and take my long and laſt farewell. [Exeunt *Osiris*, and Attendants.]

But hold, one debt more to his Virtue's due :

*Oiris*, stay —— with my dead Friend I'll go ——

To th' other World —— thus —— thus.

[Goes to fall upon his Sword.]

*Pbed.* —— You are too bold :

Hold your rude hands.

[Stays him.]

*Dar.* —— And does she bid me hold ?

*Pbed.* Yes, Sir, she does ; she dares not see you dye.

*Dar.* Your kindness then recalls my destiny.

[Passionately.]

*Pbed.* *Darius*, live ——

[Changing her voice.]

————— For by your hasty fall,

Your Death would be too mild, and pain too small.

Your blood would be too Prodigally spilt :

Live, only to be punish'd for your guilt.

Or, if th' experiment of Death you'd trye,

'Tis fit you know your sentence, e're you dye.

Death is but half the rigour of your Fate,

Living you merit, dying, force my hate,

And fall unpity'd. Now strike, if you dare ;

Try if your courage equals your despair.

Then the whose kindness did your hand recall,

Will be more kind —— she'll smile —— to see you fall.

*Dar.* Oh, now I dare not dye. A strange reprieve,

When cruelty has pow'r to make me live.

Before, her kindness did recall the stroke,

And now her frowns my sentence do revoke.

Beauties have this prerogative alone,

Their pow'r is equal, when they smile, or frown.

My guilt deserves the greatest punishment,

Tortures can yield, or Justice can invent.

And I could willingly endure the weight

Of all that I deserve, except your hate.

[Orinda, whilst they have been speaking, having casually taken up the Letter, and viewed it, hastily brings it to her Sister.]

*Orind.* What Seal is this ?

*Pbed.* The Arms of Persia !

Know you that Seal ?

[Gives the Letter to Darius.]

*Dar.* Till now, I never saw :

It was the Signet of the King.

*Pbed.* —— This Seal  
Does then Theramnes's Innocence reveal.

For

For, in your absence, Sir, the *Persian King*  
 To me has made his heart an Offering.  
 And had I broke my Vows to you, I'd been  
 No longer, Sir, your Mistress, but his Queen.  
 When I that Royal Present would not take,  
 He thought 'twas for some happy Rival's sake.  
 Knowing th' esteem I to *Therannes* bore,  
 He judg'd my cruelty was on his score.  
 From thence, like you, his jealousie he took,  
 Whilst he our Friendship for our Love mistook;  
 Then forg'd that Letter in *Theranne's* Name,  
 To trace our passions, and disturb our flame.  
 Then judge, Sir, whether I inconstant prove,  
 Who for your sake reject a Monarch's Love:  
 Since you now see I am below a Throne,  
 And have refus'd the proffers of a Crown.

*Dar.* You have too much my burden'd soul or'e-charg'd:  
 My guilt's too bad a theme to be enlarg'd.  
 But now I find my Crimes will have no end:  
 At once I've wrong'd my Mistress, and my Friend.  
 But you've so much of Heav'n, you can forgive.

[Kneels.]

*Phed.* Yes, Sir, I could, could but *Therannes* live.  
*Dar.* I with my tears will wash away my Crime:  
 With my loud sorrows I'll reach Heav'n and Him.  
 I'll pay such Incense for my black offence,  
 Till I take whiteness from his Innocence.

*Phed.* *Darius*, rise — His Pray'rs, and Love's too strong;  
 And I am too kind to be cruel long.

*Dar.* Thus you repeat those Triumphs you have won,  
 Your mercy conquers as your eyes have done.

*Phed.* But see you pay such Honours to his Grave,  
 As may deserve that pardon which I gave.

*Dar.* Since pray'rs nor tears cannot his Fate recall,  
 But so much Virtue by my hand must fall;  
 This to his dust is but a lawful debt,  
 Who shin'd in glory shall in glory set.  
 I will erect new Trophies to his Fame,  
 What from his Life I took, I'll pay his Name:

*Orind.* My grief with yours, as Rivals, shall contend:  
 I have a Lover lost, you but a Friend.

[To Phed.  
Exeunt.  
Scena

## Scena quarta.

Enter Prexaspes, and Mandana.

*Prex.* Can you refuse *Cambyses's* Love, who wou'd  
To purchase yours wade to new Crowns in blood?  
'Tis strange that he cannot your heart subdue,  
To whom the Conquest of the World is due.

*Mand.* Thy soul, and his, in this were Rivals still :  
You never overcome, but when you kill.

*Prex.* But, Madam, what I reade in those fair eyes —  
Has poysn in't. There's something in that Form  
Disturbs my soul, and does my courage storm. —  
Madam, your Beauty. — Oh, turn it away.  
Should I on that bright Object longer stay,  
Lead by my wand'ring fires, I should my senses quit ;  
And lose my self by gazing after it. —

*Mandam* — [Continuing with his eyes fixt upon her.]

*Mand.* Is not your Message yet exprest?

*Prex.* Your eyes won't give me leave to tell the rest.

*Mand.* I must confess his Love I would not hear :  
Death's frowns I can, his smiles I cannot bear.

*Prexaspes,* name no more *Cambyses's* flame.

*Prex.* Then, Madam, I may tell him, in your name, —  
I am his Rival. —

Her subtle Darts have made my heart their Prize,  
That sure my soul's transparent, as my eyes,  
To let her Image in. —

But tell me, can your Breast so cruel prove,  
To banish from your heart all thoughts of Love ?

*Mand.* Now, my *Osiris*, I remember thee.

*Prex.* Her alter'd Visage wears a Mystery.  
A broken sigh, joyn'd with a fainting look !  
Just so my Love its sudden birth first took.  
Her Actions copy mine : sure my disease  
Infectious is, and does new Subjects seize.  
For the same signs argue the same desires :  
Perhaps she feels my pains, and meets my fire.

[Aside.] [Sighs.]

{ Aside.

If so; Thanks to my Stars. Since nobly you  
My heart have won, so nobly use it too.  
What, start? You think it is *Cambyses*.

*Mand.* ——— No.

Both thee, and thy inhumane deeds I know.  
Could I but think, that Love could be a guest  
To thy black soul, and harbour in thy breast;  
The very name of Love 'twould odious make.

*Prex.* You must seem cruel for your honour's sake.  
No more of this ———

*Mand.* ——— Stand off. Your aim you miss,  
What, stoop to him that Murder'd *Amasis*?

*Prex.* That was *Cambyses*'s fault.

*Mand.* ——— No, Slave, thy hand,  
Thy hand did Act what he did but command.

*Prex.* But his command did to your Life extend,  
Which I did from his cruelty defend;  
And 'twas my favour that you did not dye.

*Mand.* No, Barb'rous Villain, 'twas thy cruelty.  
Yee sacred Pow'r's above what was my guilt,  
That with my Fathers blood mine was not spilt?  
My Death Heav'n's Fatal kindness did prevent;  
Reserving me for greater punishment.

*Prex.* What, can it be a punishment to rest  
In the Protection of a *Prexaspes*'s Breast?  
It cannot be, *Mandana*. Come, I see  
You've learnt the Female flights of Modesty.

[Advances up to her, and proffers to kiss her hand, at which she steps from him.]  
What, a retreat?  
As 'tis in Natures Laws, so 'tis in Love;  
Th' effect's the same if th' Earth or Sun do move.  
And so our Love the same effect procures,  
If your heart move tow'rds mine, or mine tow'rds yours.  
Come then ———

*Mand.* This Language, Sir, I cannot hear:  
I can my Death, not thy addresses bear.  
To thee *Mandana*'s Breast thus kind can prove,  
To entertain thy Sword, but not thy Love.  
What, art thou slow, and dost thou sluggish stand,  
When belov'd Murder does invite thy hand?

[Advancing up to her.]

*Prex.* Captive,

*Prex.* Captive, take heed lest you provoke my hate:  
 'Tis but ill policy to tempt your Fate.  
 You trust my Love, and therefore you presume —  
 But, Madam, know your scorn has chang'd your doom.  
 Nought but your Love your ruine shall recall:  
 For they who once from my high favour fall,  
 Never leave sinking, till they reach their Graves.

*Mand.* 'Twixt Love and Rage, like meeting Tides, he raves.  
 That Death he threatens gladly I'de obey:  
 That Life I owe to *Amasis*, I'de pay.  
 Yet *Amasis* —  
 Do but this fault (if it be one) forgive,  
 If for *Osiris* I could wish to live.

[Aside.]

Enter Cambyses, who meets Prexaspes going off.

*Camb.* *Prexaspes*, is *Mandana* yet more kind?  
*Prex.* I cannot meet her in so good a mind.  
*Camb.* Since my late frowns and threamings could not move  
 Your Breast, I'lle treat you with a milder Love.

[To Mand.]

*Prex.* She thinks  
 I'm some tame Lover of the common sort,  
 Whom they use cruelly to make 'em sport:  
 No, she shall find my Love does higher flye:  
 I'lle either teach her how to Love, or dye.

{ Aside.

[Exit.]

*Camb.* I of my frowns a Nobler use should make,  
 To awe the trembling World, make Empires quake,  
 And check Heav'ns Thunder. 'Tis not fit my brow,  
 The terror of the World, should threaten you.  
 No, you shall find *Cambyses*, for your sake,  
 As mild and calm as Loves soft charms can make.

*Mand.* *Cambyses*, no; rage, and be cruel still:  
 Tyrants are only kind, then when they kill.  
 My Death's the only kindness you can do:  
 My life I hate, since 'tis preferv'd by you.

*Camb.* Hold: You're ungrateful. Though you've cruellbin,  
 Thus, thus *Cambyses* will your favour win.  
 You shall enjoy *Osiris* — Do not start:  
 'Tis he alone that lodges in your heart.

To win your favour this brave deed I'll do;  
 Be cruel to my self, and kind to you.  
 Fame shall no longer to the World impart  
 That I want pow'r to win a Ladies heart:  
 For since all other means successless prove,  
 To gain your kindness I'll resign my Love.  
 I to my Rival will with Honour yield;  
 As the retreating *Parthians* win the field.  
*Osiris*, Madam, is for you decreed,  
 He is — I, and the gods have so agreed.

*Mand.* Oh, now I fear —

*Camb.* Now for his Arms prepare.

Draw back that Curtain.

Take your Lover — there. { *The Scene opens, and on a Table appears the Body of Osiris, beheaded; & an Executioner with the suppos'd head in a vessel of blood.*

Take there, take there your Beauty's sacrifice.

*Mand.* *Osiris* murder'd! And can Heaven be  
 An idle gazer on his destiny?  
 Gods, can you suffer this; and yet lay claim  
 To this low'r World? Or, is your Thunder tame,  
 To let the Tyrant live? Are not y' afraid,  
 Who here below all Virtue has betray'd,  
 When there's none left on Earth he may pursue,  
 The next blow he intends will be at you?  
 Oh, no, this stroke by your consent was given,  
 To rob the World, to add new Stars to Heav'n.  
 O Tyrant — Tyrant is a name too good  
 For him whose soul's so deeply stain'd in blood.  
 Inhumane Murd'rer, had you learnt the fence  
 Of Virtue from *Osiris*'s Innocence;  
 Or borrow'd so much blushes from his blood,  
 You had not rob'd the World of all that's good.  
 But, Sir, I hope you don't this Virtue want,  
 But what you're pleas'd to promise you will grant.  
 You promis'd that *Mandana* should this day  
 Enjoy *Osiris*.

[Weeps.]

[Stifling her voice.]

*Camb.* — Ay, and so you may.  
*Mand.* Tyrant, why then does not *Mandana* fall,  
 To mix her blood with his?

*Camb.* — Madam, you shall.

Unless.

Unless you instantly resolve to prove  
More just to the great *Persian Monarch's Love.*

*Mand.* I will do more than Love, let but your breath  
Pronounce my Fate, I'll thank you for my death :  
And I'll embrace it too as your kind gift,  
And th' onely happiness on Earth, — that's left.  
Come, in my Death let me your favour find —  
What, must *Mandana* court you to be kind ?  
I do conjure you strike, by all your guilt,  
Your cruelties, the blood your Rage has spilt;  
By all that sacred debt of Love I owe  
*Oſiris*, nay, and more, my Hate to you.  
What, are the furies vanish't from your soul ?  
What sudden tameness does your arm controul ?  
Or is your fierceness calm'd, your rage subdu'd,  
Stifled with Murders, and or'e-cloy'd with blood ?  
My Virtues are not ripe enough t' afford  
A ſubjeſt for a bloody Tyrant's Sword.

*Camb.* Since Death would ſuch a ſignal favour be,  
You ſhall wait longer for your destiny.  
Monarchs ſhould not their favours raſhly place,  
But —

Consider e're they paſs their Acts of Grace.  
No, you ſhall live, and live till you have known  
The infl'ence of an angry Monarch's frown.  
Your tears shall otherwife b' implo'y'd, to mourn,  
That your Pride durſt *Cambyſet's* favour ſcorn.

*Mand.* I dare not look (my ſoul's ſo much amaz'd)  
Where I before for ever could have gaz'd.  
Oh, that I could but weep away my fight,  
To ſhare with Thee in an eternal Night.  
Or, that I could but melt in tears away ;  
That when our riſing Sun proclaims the day,  
With Morning dew I by his Rays might be  
Exhal'd, and ſnatcht up to his Heav'n, and Thee.

*Finis Actus Tertii. The Curtain falls.*

[Weeps.]

[Raiſing her Voice]

[Weeps.]

[Exit.]

[Exit.]

Actus

T  
S  
H

## Actus quartus. Scena prima.

The Scene drawn, Cambyses is discover'd seated in a Chair sleeping: The Scene representing a steep Rock, from the top of which descends a large Cloud, which opening, appear various shapes of Spirits seated in form of a Council, to whom a more glorious Spirit descends half way, seated on a Throne; at which, the former Spirits rise and Dance: In the midst of the Dance arises a Woman with a Dagger in her hand; at which the Scene shuns.

In the time of this Representation this Song is sung from within, as suppos'd, by Spirits.

**Y**E subtle Pow'rs that rule below,  
Onely where borrour dwells,  
whose deep dark Cells  
Admit no other light,  
Then that by which you mortal Fates do write,  
Th' events of all your knowledge does foreknow.  
The Prince of Fate's already set,  
That Prince who does in Constellations write  
Those glorious Characters of light,  
The destinies of all that's great.  
**C**horus. To council then, to council strait,  
with all your Ministers of State,  
T' attend the high decrees of Fate.

[Cambyses rises from his Chair, as newly waking, and seems disorder'd.  
Camb. A Fatal Dagger, and a Womans hand!

Enter to him, Prexaspes.

Prex. This Night, great Sir, your Presence does demand.  
'Tis now th' appointed hour, your Forces wait  
To gain admission at the Western Gate. —  
Sir, you forget your self; one moments stay  
Hazards your Crown, and loses you the day.

H

Camb. Tell

*Camb.* Tell me no more of hazards, nor of Crowns.—  
*Cambyses* threatn'd by a Woman's frowns !

*Prex.* Remember, Sir, your Honour 'tis does call,  
 Your Empire's safety, and th' Impostor's fall.  
 And now's the time. What, can you tardy be  
 To wait on Triumph ?

*Camb.* —— Let Triumph wait on me.  
 I will not go.

*Prex.* —— Not go ! what pow'rful cause  
 Can force your courage to retreat, or pause !  
 Or can you leisure for debate afford,  
 When Conquest, and revenge invites your Sword ?

*Camb.* No, I shall meet my Fate ; but thanks to Heav'n,  
 My Friends above have timely notice giv'n.

*Prex.* Ha ! meet his Fate ! He dreams of Treason too :  
 Some superstitious god has told him so.

Can you fear dangers, or can dangers be  
 An envious Cloud 'twixt you, and Victorie ?  
 Or is the pow'r of Heav'n so dreadful grown,  
 That fearing that, you can forget your own ?

No, Sir, you must this glorious deed fulfill :  
 Let gods be gods, you are *Cambyses* still.

Since you are with Prophetick thoughts possest :  
 What mystick fears have thus disturb'd your breast ?

*Camb.* My lab'ring fancy lead me to the brow  
 Of a steep Rock, that shaded all below.

From thence I saw a low-hung Cloud appear,  
 Swoln big with mists, and loaded with the Air :

Which with ingender'd Tempests seem'd to roar ;  
 Reel'd, funk, and stagger'd with the weight it bore.

A num'rous issue from its bowels flew ;  
 Whilst the Cloud broke, and melted to a dew :

In which the wanton Spirits bath'd and plaid,  
 And greedily upon their Mother prey'd.

Then from above ——

I saw the Prince of Fates his Arm display :  
 Lightning and Thunder usher'd in his way.

His Scepter mov'd, bow'd his Imperial head ;  
 The lower Fates with Reverence obey'd.

[Aside.

Seeing *Cambyses* make no  
 answer, he proceeds.

Their Volumns instantly were brought, and He  
 Op'ning the Fatal Legend, pitcht on Me.  
 Then, in the Councel a dispute did grow,  
 Whether *Cambyses* mortal were, or no.  
 But they in vain their arguments did bring,  
 The Prince of Fates said, No ; I was a King.  
 Straight in the midst I saw a Woman stand,  
 Grasping a bloody Dagger in her hand.  
 She by her looks their Sentence did condemn ;  
 And by her posture threaten'd Me, and Them.  
 Then, as I wak'd, methought, I saw the dart  
 Snatcht from her hand, and levell'd at my heart.

*Prex.* And can a dream *Cambyses*'s spirits daunt,  
 Riddles as dark as are the Nights they haunt ?  
 Your groundlesse jealousies unjust appear ;  
 Thus greatest Valours smallest dangers fear,  
 As Lyons tremble at a spark of fire ;  
 Shall it be said, *Cambyses* did retire,  
 Or shrink from that brave cause he should maintain ?  
 Dreams are but th' unshap'd Monsters of the brain.  
 And Monster-like should onely be abhorrd :  
 No more delays, you must implore your Sword.

*Camb.* Urge me no more.  
 Should I to *Susa* go, Fate has design'd  
 I from a Woman's hand my death should find.  
 Are these your stratagems ? you had forgot  
 To keep your projects close, I'll spoil your plot.  
 My Pow'r has o're their policy this odds ;  
 I'll stay at home, and disappoint the gods.  
 I'll baffle your Divinity. And since  
 They have resolv'd it, I'll emy Stars convince.  
 Their borrow'd inflerce common Fates may sway :  
*Cambyses* has a greater pow'r than they.  
 Stars are like Galley-slaves, chain'd to a sphear,  
 And Subject-like onely Heav'n's Vassals are,  
 To move by Laws, act what th' higher pow'r decrees :  
 I can move where I will, act what I please.  
*Cambyses* rules *Cambyses*'s destiny :  
 Nor am I taught how to obey, or dye :

*Trexaspe*, see *Mandana* hither brought :  
I'll by my Love divert this sullen thought.

*P'ex.* And mult a Dream his Sanctuary be,  
Protected by this Ridling Prophecy ?  
No, though his stay has my designs o'rethrown :  
I'll take his Life, though I expose my own.

*Camb.* Though they have thus foretold my destiny,  
Perhaps my Stars have dreamt as well as I.

[ *Prexaspes enters with Mandana, and Exit.*  
*Mandana*, you've my resolution heard ;  
The choice is easie, speak, are you prepar'd  
To be my Miftress, or my Sacrifice ?

*Mand.* When 'tis your Royal pleasure, Sir, she dyes.

*Camb.* No, no, I will a milder sentence give :  
It is my Royal pleasure you should live ;  
And live in my embraces too.

*Mand.* ————— In his —————  
In his embrace that murder'd *Amasis* !  
And more, that bloody Tyrant that decreed  
*Osiris's* cruel Fate ; that barb'rous deed,  
A deed enough t' infect the breath of Fame :  
At which thy lesser treasons lose their name.

*Camb<sup>4</sup>.* And am I dallied with ? your doom is seal'd :  
*Cambyses's* sentence cannot be repeal'd,  
Prepare to Love or dye; choose, and be free,  
My speedy kindnes, or my cruelty.

*Mand.* Your cruelty my courage cannot bear,  
*Mandana* then will in your kindnes share.  
I blush to say I offer up my heart ;  
But yet obedience is a Captives part.

*Camb.* Welcom kind Princes : All the pow'rs above  
Shall envy at your kindness, and my Love.  
If there be any pow'rs above my own,  
For they that call 'emselves the gods, have none.  
For if they had —————

They had not to mankind this favour giv'n,  
T' enjoy a blessing greater than their Heav'n.  
We Princes to our selves our greatness owe ;  
They are but Kings above, we gods below.  
Now you are kind.

[ *Aside.*] [ *Exit.*

[ *Passionately.*

*Mand.* And

*Mand.* And why are not you so ?

*Camb.* Can you my kindness doubt ? no, you shall find  
Tis you alone have taught me to be kind.

With the next Sun you shall your Reign begin ;  
To morrow you shall be proclaim'd my Queen.

*Mand.* No, Sir, that is not all —

*Camb.* ————— Oh, 'tis not all.

Our Love does for a stricter kindness call.

The night, the night, Love's chief Triumphant hour,  
When blushes o're our pleasures have no pow'r :  
When Lovers Revel in each others arms,  
Confining to one Circle all their charms ;  
To an embrace. This to your Beauty's due,  
First, I will crown our Loves, and then crown you.

*Mand.* Oh, no, Sir, this is but a barren grant :

I still the crowning of my wishes want.

The favour I would have, is this — to dye.

Tyrant, your Love's the greatest Cruelty.

{ Raising her voice at the  
two last words.

*Cambyses*, no, you do mistake my part ;

'Tis thus alone I'll offer up my heart ;

Not to your lust, but Fury's Sacrifice.

Command my Death : then though your Sword denies,  
On Earth, that Empire which my birth had giv'n ;

*Mandana* will commence her Reign in Heav'n,

With my Osiris, in that glorious seat

Where Cruelty, and Tyrants never meet.

*Camb.* How, Captive, am I scorn'd, and scorn'd by you ?

To shew what injur'd Majesty can do,

Your death to this dispute an end shall bring,

I'll act no more your Lover, but your King.

Your Beauty shall no more my Arm controul,

I'll find a nobler passage to your soul. [ Proffers to draw his Sword to kill her.

*Mand.* Cambyses, hold ! come, I will milder be ;

My kindness shall prevent your Cruelty.

[ Kindly.

*Camb.* Then use me thus no more, and you shall know

What Heav'n and Monarchs when they're pleas'd can do.

*Mand.* Your Sword for nobler Actions is design'd :

To you then, and my self I'll now be kind.

I'll rob you of my Death —————

[ Draws her Dagger.

*Cambyses*,

*Cambyses, no,*  
 Your Sword, Sir, shall not condescend so low,  
 To be a Womans Executioner,  
 My hand alone that guilty stain shall bear.  
 Rather then let a King that guilt contract,  
*Mandana* her own murd'ters part will Act.  
 In dying thus her kindnes will be shwon,  
 She'lle save your honour, and defend her own.  
 Now Tyrant, dare to violate her fame,  
 To stain her Virtue, or to force her shame ;  
 This, this, shall guard her from your injuries,  
 For when her Honour you attempt, she dyes.

[ Raises her voice.]

{ Pointing the Dagger in  
her own Breast.

### Enter Prexaspes.

*Prex.* Welcome this happy opportunity,  
*Mandana*, hold, you rob the World, and Me.  
 And to my Gracious Sovereign I bring  
 This Present as a Subject's offering —

[ Aside.  
 { Runs to her, and snatches the  
Dagger from her hand.

[ Advancing to Cambyses, as if he design'd to present him the dagger.  
 Your Death, proud Tyrant — Dye, *Cambyses*, Dye. [ Stabs him.

*Camb.* And by *Prexaspes*'s hand ! [ Proffering to resist, but sinks into his Chair.

*Prex.* — Yes, Sir, 'tis I.

*Mand.* Oh, Murderer ! Help ! Guards.

*Prex.* — That will not do :

*Madam*, the Guards are safe, and so are you.

*Camb.* Ungrateful Traytor, must my glory be  
 Unravell'd by so base a Slave as thee ?  
 Did I for this my favours thus dispense,  
 And give thee being by my influence ?

*Prex.* Ay, Sir, and 'twas from you I understood  
 This dextrous way of letting Monarch's Blood.

*Camb.* Oh, that I could but so much pow'r recall,

As but to rise, and crush thee in my fall. [ Proffering to rise, but cannot.

Or borrow so much kindness from my blood,

To swell so high to drown thee in a flood ;

Oh, I ad I so much poison in my breath,

At once both to pronounce, and give thee death.

I would revenge my wrongs — but 'tis too late :

And Heav'n it self is a Confederate.

I do forget 'twas by your wills decreed,  
 I by that Dagger, and that hand should bleed.  
 But since, ye gods, ye did my Fate proclaim,  
 And ravish'd from me both my Life, and Fame,  
 To let me tamely fall ; may you pursue  
 That just revenge which is to murder due.  
 But if you fail to right my wrongs, and me,  
 May you want Temples, Altars, Flames, and be  
 From Homage and from Sacrifice debar'd,  
 And, that which makes you gods, be never fear'd ——  
 My passion with my blood now milder flows :

Your dying Prince for your last pardon sues : [To Mand. sinking his voice.]  
 Now all your scorn and Cruelty must cease,  
 Death, that disarms my Love, concludes its peace. [He dyes.]

Mand. His unjust Fate has o're my wrongs prevail'd ;  
 Farewel, dead Prince, death has thy pardon seal'd :  
 Though thou wert wicked, yet thou wert a King.  
 But, Traitor, whence did thy black fury spring : [To Ptex.]  
 Who in your Prince's blood your hands embrue ?

Ptex. Madam, His Death must copied be by you.  
 Now is the time, proud Girle, in which I'lle prove,  
 The just Revenger of my injur'd Love. [Holding the Dagger towards her breast.]  
 Since you a greater Tyrant are than He,  
 'Tis just that you should share his destiny.

### Enter Otanes, Darius, and Artaban.

Otan. 'Tis some strange cause our King thus long has staid.

Ptex. Return'd so suddenly ! ha ! I'm betray'd.

Yet my Revenge I'lle end. ——

Dar. ——— Ptex asp'st, hold.

What unshap'd fury makes your Arm thus bold ?

Ptex. The King, the King ——

Dar. Otan, and Artab. Speak, what ?

Ptex. ——— There murder'd lies :

Oh, Fatal blow both to our hearts, and his.

[Weeps.]

Dar. and Otan. Cambyses Murder'd !

Ptex. ——— Oh, inhumane deed,  
 For which all Persia, with out King, does bleed !

[Weeps.]

See here the Fatal Dagger, and see there  
*Mandana's* hand, *Cambyses's* Murderer.  
 Oh, horrour ! Envious Heav'n !

[Weeps again.]

*Dar.* ————— *Mandana's* hand,  
 In our great Monarch's bloody Murder stain'd !  
*Mand.* Perfidious Lyar, must my innocence  
 Be thus abus'd, and made thy Crime's defence ?  
 Ye gods !

*Prex.* What does she mean ?  
 The dismal horror of a deed so soul,  
 Has rais'd so black a Cloud over her soul ;  
 That she forgets the Royal blood she spilt,  
 Stifled and stupify'd with her own guilt.  
 What fury made you this black deed pursue,  
 'Gainst him that had no fault, — but Loving you ?  
 How could your hand —————

[To Mandana.]

[Weep.]

*Mand.* How can your impudence  
 Accuse *Mandana* of your own offence ?  
 Did not thy hand, thy hand, proud Traitor, give  
 That wound he from no other could receive ?  
 None but thy hand that cursed deed durst do,  
 To shake all *Persia* at one Fatal blow.

*Otan.* Ha ! this strange parley, and dispute does breed  
 More wonder then the strangeness of the deed.  
*Prexaspes,* let the story then be told,  
 That may this cruel Mystery unfold.

*Prex.* Know then, my Lords, entring this fatal place,  
 I saw distraction painted in a Face  
 'Twixt guilt and horrour ; as I nearer drew,  
 By this faint light I straight *Mandana* knew.  
 I saw her in a trembling posture stand,  
 Grasping this bloody Dagger in her hand.  
 'Twas then, 'twas then my eyes the Night abhor'd,  
 The Night which did her guilty shades affor'd,  
 To that black deed, at which our rising Sun  
 Must blush to see what her bold hand has done.  
 Then from her hand I straight the Dagger snatcht,  
 And soon a speedy Justice had dispatcht ;  
 But that your entrance did my Arm restrain ;  
 And stay my zeal to my dead Sovereign.

[Weep.]

[Weep.]

ED

Else I'd perform'd the second Tragick part,  
Righting his wrongs upon his Murd'lers heart.

*Mand.* Oh, perjur'd Slave ! dare you tempt Heav'n, and know  
The gods and Justice have a Pow'r below ?  
Thus to out-face their vengeance ?

*Prev.* Ha ! Was this murder then a bastard guilt,  
To Father thus on me that blood she spilt ?  
But I forget, they who dare kill their King,  
Want not the Face to dare say any thing.  
Well, since I must my Loyalty dispute,  
Let this, my Lords, all jealousies confute :

*Dar.* Mandana's Dagger ! Oh, prodigious Fate !

*Otan.* The sacred Relique of th' Egyptian State,  
Worn by Succession from their Kings of old :  
Of which their Priests a wond'rous rise have told ;  
Which their Religious Legends do pretend  
God *Ammon* did to their first Monarch send ;  
Which since has by his Heirs been kept, to be  
A Badge of the Egyptian Majesty.

*Prev.* What caus'd her rage is plainly understood ;  
The deep resentments of her Father's blood ,  
Her Slavery, and her lost Crown, and more,  
The hate she to *Cambyses's* Passion bore.

*Dar.* Mandana —————  
Oh, ye gods, that men should be  
So much mistaken in Divinity.

Who could have thought, that she who is adorn'd  
With Divine Beauty, has a soul deform'd ?

*Otan.* Guards, there within.  
Oh, Madam, have you so ill understood  
The eyes of Majesty, and your high blood ?  
To shed his blood, and thus profane your own ;  
Remembering you were born unto a Throne.

### Enter Guards.

But now forgive me, Madam, that I must  
To our dead King, and to our Laws be just.  
Impure my Rigour to my Loyalty,  
That forces me to tell you, you must dye.

*Mand.* To shew how gladly I accept that breath,  
I'll rob you of the Sentence of my Death.  
Guards, I'm your Prisoner. Conduct me straight,  
There where *Mandana* may embrace her Fate:  
Death is the only happiness I court.

*Prex.* The plot was well then, since she likes the sport.

[Aside.]

*Mand.* Osiris, now Fate has this favour giv'n,  
To let me dye, to visit thee, and Heav'n.  
Yet though the name of Death has made me proud,  
When I am dead may Heav'n remove the Cloud:  
And may my better Stars restore my Fame  
To its first whiteness, that my injur'd Name  
May grow unfullied, as my Innocence.

*Dar.* And may kind Heav'n forgive you your offence.  
The mildness, Madam, of your Death shall show  
What pity we to such perfections owe.  
Conduct her safely there where she may be  
Debarr'd from nothing else but Liberty; [To the Guards.  
Untill her Death your Office shall discharge.

*Mand.* Untill her Death shall her freed soul enlarge.  
I come, *Osiris*, and may some kind Star,  
That smiles on Lovers, guide me to thy sphear.  
There our divided souls shall meet, and be  
A part of the Cœlestial Harmony.

[Exit, lead out by Guards.]

*Dar.* The Fates are still malignant to the great:  
They rise in glory, but in blood they set.

*Otan.* The ashes of a King's no common dust: {  
bearing out Cambyses.

Nor is it fit their memories should rust.

It is not just *Cambyses's* wrongs should be

Idly recorded to Posterity.

Since the World needs his injuries must hear,  
They shall be utter'd in the voice of War.

His Empire's freedom, and th' Impostor's fall,  
Summons our courage, and to Arms does call.

But since his Brother by your hand did bleed;  
Before we further in this cause proceed,

'Tis just we first from you more fully know.

When 'twas, and where you gave that Fatal blow.

Surpriz'd!

[To Prex.]

[Prexalpes starts.]

Prex. It

*Prex.* It needs my wonder must create,  
Never to know, and yet to Act his Fate.

*Otan.* Did you not hear it from our Kings own breath,  
And yet are ignorant of *Smerdis's* death?

*Prex.* By all that's true, no more to me is known,  
Then that he lives, and wears the *Persian Crown*.

*Dar.* Can we believe *Cambyses* would disclaim  
His only Heir, that should preserve his Name?  
Besides, it against Natures Laws would be  
T' accuse himself of a false Cruelty.

*Prex.* The Laws of Nature, and the eyes of blood,  
Are things *Cambyses* never understood.  
No, 'twas his Brother that he would destroy;  
He envied him that Crown he did enjoy.  
He then would have you that revenge pursue,  
Which now Death will not give him leave to do.  
*Smerdis* still lives — but you a War must bring,  
And out of Loyalty depose your King.  
Take heed — — —

*Otan.* We know too well, *Cambyses's* breast  
Was sway'd by passion, and false Interest.  
But could he before you and us declare,  
You were his Brother *Smerdis's* Murderer?  
If it were false, he could not but suspect,  
To clear your self, you would his guilt detect.

*Prex.* Then, to convince you, I with shame confess  
My Loyalty was great, and Virtue less.  
To quench his thirst I blood too oft have spilt,  
The Confident and Actor of his guilt.  
And he might think who blood for him had shed,  
Would not refuse, barely to say, I did.  
Thus he t' assure you of his Brothers death,  
Took this advantage to confirm your faith.  
He knew — — —  
Rather than any stain his fame should touch,  
I would say any thing, who had done so much.

*Otan.* We are convinc'd — — —

*Dar.* Long may thy Brother live, and live to be  
Heir to thy Conquests, but not Cruelty.

*Prex. Prexaspes, well, by Treasons thou didst grow,  
They made thee great, and shall preserve thee so.* [Aside.] [Exeunt.]

Scena secunda. Scene, the Palace.

Enter Smerdis, and Parasithes..

*Smerd. Cambyses dead !  
The Heav'ns themselves two Suns at once can't bear :  
Nor Earth below, two Monarchs in one Sphear.  
Persia's too narrow both for him and me,  
His glorie's shrunk, to give mine Liberty.*

*Pat. No doubt, 'tis to Prexaspes that you owe  
Your Empire's safety in this happy blow.*

*Smerd. To him the deed, but to my self the cause :  
State-interest binds stronger than State-laws.  
With such high proffers I've oblig'd his trust,  
As can do more than make a Statesman just.  
You know I've promis'd him the Median Crown :  
I give him Honours to secure my own.  
We Monarchs to our selves our Fortunes owe :  
Our Agents Act but what we bribe 'em to.  
Poor Mortals thus may the Gods honour raise,  
By building Temples to exalt their praise.  
But 'tis the gods themselves that do afford  
Those Mortals breath, by which they are ador'd.*

Enter to them, Prexaspes.

My best of Friends :

*Prex. ————— Next to Cambyses. He  
Leaves you his Empire for a Legacy.  
Knowing how weighty Crowns and Scepters are,  
I've been so kind to ease him of that care.  
But, Sir, he did before his death convince  
His Nobles, that you were not the true Prince.  
But by such Art I did their Storm asswage,  
That for the present I have calm'd their Rage.  
And in your cause such Arguments did bring,  
That they believe you Brother to our King.*

[Embraces Prex.]

But

But, Sir, you know that Statesmens jealousie  
 Does onely sleep, then when it seems to dye.  
 At each diiftast, and ev'ry small mistake,  
 Their Jealousie when 'tis disturb'd, will wake;  
 And then their fury will break forth to deeds :  
 You are not safe then whilst they wear their Heads.

*Smerd.* 'Tis not consistent with my Empire's good,  
 To stain my name with the chief *Persian* blood.

*Pat.* He by mild deeds must represent the King,  
 Subtile as Serpents, but without their sting.

*Smerd.* That Act would seem too cruel ; the same Arts  
 That won 'em, must preserve my Subjects hearts.

*Prex.* To save your Honour then that deed I'll do.

*Smerd.* Name it, my safety shall depend on you.

*Prex.* Therannes's late concealment gives you just  
 Suspition of his Loyalty, and trust.  
 If then your pleasure would confer that grace,  
 To constitute me Gen'ral in his place ;  
 I will invite 'em to my Tent ; and they  
 For th' entertainment all their Heads shall pay.  
 Then to suppress all future Murinies  
 That may from this Tyrannick Act arise,  
 Their Deaths I'll publish, and the cause proclaim,  
 Forging such hainous Treasons in their Name,  
 Persia shall do no less than think it just ;  
 And to my Justice, as their Guardian, trust.

*Smerd.* But grant the *Persians* should not think it so ;  
 But th' Act condemn.

*Prex.* ————— Do you condemn it too.  
 And if your Subjects murmur, or Rebell,  
 'Cause by my hand the *Persian* Princes fell ;  
 Then instantly, to satisfie their rage,  
 And shew you did not in my guilt engage,  
 Degrade me from my Office, and inflict  
 All punishments that may seem just and strict.  
 And I'll submit to th' Sentence, thus you'll seem  
 As far from the consent, as from the Crime.

*Smerd.* Well, your Commission shall be forthwith sign'd,  
 My Army's conduct to your charge resign'd.

Prev. May Heav'n success to Persia's Crown afford  
Whilst you the Scepter bear —————  
Smerd. ————— And you the Sword.

[Exeunt.]

## Scena tertia. Scene changes to the Garden.

Enter Phedima, and Orinda.

Phed. Sister, you now can by Experience prove  
What lately you defy'd, the Pow'r of Love.  
'Tis strange the dead *Iberamnes* should obtain  
That Conquest, whom alive you did disdain.  
What rash Infection does your soul invade,  
That you, who scorn'd him living, court his shade !  
A Love like yours was never heard before :  
T' embrace his Memory, and Name adore.

Orind. Sister, since I have all assaults withstood,  
He by no common force my heart subdu'd.  
Such glorious pains my Captive soul endures :  
My Love's beyond such abject thoughts as yours.  
Your humble passions court each fond desire,  
And your Breasts tamely of themselves take fire.  
You make your hearts too mean a Sacrifice,  
Taking infection from your Lovers eyes.  
He did more Nobly to my heart aspire :  
He gave me fuel c're he gave me fire.  
His Wounds, his Death, his Glory, and his Fame,  
They mov'd my pity, and that rais'd my Flame.  
Nay, of his Love he Nobler proofs has give'n :  
When his late wounds had made him ripe for Heav'n,  
His dying breath, before his soul retir'd,  
Bequeath'd his Love to me, and then expir'd.  
His dying breath his passion did proclaim :  
Thus, Phoenix-like, expiring in a Flame.  
Then 'tis but just that I should faithfull be,  
Thus to preserve so brave a Legacy.

Phed. But your affection is from hopes debarr'd :  
When you can Love, and not expect reward.  
Love's kindnesses are lent, not giv'n; for when  
There is no hopes to be repaid agen,

It should expire. Dead Lovers bankrupt prove,  
Death does exempt 'em from all debts of Love.

*Orind.* No, Love is seated in their souls, and they  
With them their passions to the Skyes convey.  
For when kind Heav'n does entertain their souls,  
And to the sacred list of Stars enrolls,  
In Heav'n they pay those debts on Earth they owe :  
They shine and smile on us that stay below.  
They still their Loves and favours do dispense,  
Acting their kindness in their Influence.  
And when in Heav'n we both together meet ;  
There we our ties for ever shall unite.  
No objects then my passion remove,  
Till it grows up to an Immortal Love.

*Pbed.* Sister, till now I thought there could not be  
A Love like mine, but you out-rival me. ——————  
But stay, my Father's here ; let us retire,  
And there hear out that passion I admire.

[ *Exeunt.* ]

#### Scena quarta. Scene continues :

*Enter Otanes, Darius, and Artaban, Attended.*

*Otan.* 'Tis strange ! our entrance to the King deny'd !

*Dar.* Now my Prophetick fears our doubts decide !  
He durst not give us entrance, since he knows  
He to his being unseen his safety owes.

*Otan.* Then must we to his pow'r obedience yield,  
As men to unknown gods do Temples build ?  
Let dull and credulous ignorance advance  
Faith and Religion, not Allegiance.  
Must we be only govern'd by a Name ?

*Enter to them, Prexaspes with Guards, the Guards.*

*Stand off at a distance, unseen by Otanes and Darius.*

*Prex.* Prexaspes must Prexaspes's Crimes proclaim.  
And now, my Lords, I do confess my guile,  
The blood of Smerdis by my hand was spilt.

*Audi*

And 'tis th' Impostor that Usurps the Throne:

*Otan.* And dare Prexaspes his bold Treasons own?

*Prex.* Yes, Sir, he dares; and thank Heav'n too, that thus  
Has by my Treasons made me glorious.

Though my late fear did make my duty fail,  
And from your knowledge *Smerdis's* Death conceal:  
Now I'm above the fear of punishment:  
I dare my guilt confess, and crimes repent.  
*Smerdis* by me was murder'd.

*Dar.* ————— And by you  
*Smerdis* th' Impostor is protected too.

*Prex.* My Lord, he is: and I so high am grown,  
To be advanc'd and rais'd next to his Throne.

View here what large extent my pow'r affords:  
Their Arms are mine, and all the *Persian* Swords.

Be not surpriz'd at this, I ne're before  
Till now, my Lords, the Sword of Justice bore.

Thus I proclaim that Justice I design,  
'Tis your command shall rule their Swords, and mine.

*Otan.* Your gen'rous proffer does surprize us more,  
Than the strange news of your large pow'r before.

*Prex.* But you shall wonder more at what I'll do,  
When I am lead by Loyalty, and you.

*Dar.* But by what Arts have you th' Impostor won?

*Prex.* By the same Arts I'll pluck him from his Throne.  
Since my guilt did from *Smerdis's* blood arise,

I'll make his Rival's blood his Sacrifice.

The Noblest Valour from Allegiance springs:  
Who was the fall, will be the rise of Kings.

*Otan.* Justice and Glory in this Act will joyn:  
And as your Seconds in this brave design,  
Our Lives and Fortunes shall assistant be,  
To th' height of Courage, and of Loyalty.

*Dar.* In order that we may this deed fulfill,  
We first will execute th' Impostor's Will,  
*Cambyses's* solemn Execu<sup>ies</sup>: whilst all  
Our Army waits upon his Funeral;  
And all the *Persian* Subject's wand'ring eyes  
Are idly fixt on our Solemnities;

[ *Show's his Commission.*

} *Points to his Guards, at  
which the Lords start.*

Then to the height we our design will bring ;  
 Proclaiming you the *Persian* Heir, and King ;  
 And *Smerdiss* the Usurper ; then surprize  
 The Royal Palace, the Impostor seize ;  
 The City Gates, the Tow'r, the Forts secure :  
 All that may strengthen or enlarge our pow'r.  
 And in one moment all their Force suppress  
 That shall oppose our glory, and success :  
 And by this brave design we in one day  
 Shall Conquer, and redeem all *Persia*.

[To Otan.]

*Dar.* 'Tis bravely spoken, now you're worthy grown,  
 To be proclaim'd Protectour of a Crown.

*Prex.* But one thing, Sirs, must not escape your ears :  
 You are the onely men that *Smerdis* fears.

But I, to carry on our just design,  
 And that we might without suspition joyn,  
 Assur'd him that your Faiths I did convince,  
 That you believ'd him the true *Persian* Prince ;  
 I told him you were Loyal, and you wou'd  
 In his defence venture your States, and blood.  
 Pretending then 'twill with his glory stand,  
 T' unite both Armies under one command ;  
 It is his pleasure that you should resign  
 Both your Commissions, and subscribe to mine.

*Otan.* Still we expected this ; 'tis his pretence  
 To force us to a blind obedience.

*Prex.* I therefore in compliance think it fit  
 You to the Tyrant's pleasure should submit,  
 Lest he suspect your Loyalty, and mine :  
 And by that means we frustrate our design.  
 Not that I'de have you think that 'tis my aim  
 To rob your glories to enlarge my fame.  
 No, all that I aspire to, is, to be  
 The Author of an Empire's Liberty.

*Otan.* We yield, and hope, resigning our command  
 We do but place it in a Nobler hand. [Both give him their Commissions.]

*Prex.* And with your Arms I will your Trophies raise :  
 The Conquest shall be mine, the Triumph yours.  
 As men build Temples not for their own praise,  
 But dedicate them to some higher pow'rs.

*Dar.* Go instantly to our chief Officers,  
Tell them that 'tis the *Persian* Kings design,  
Consulting both his interest and theirs,  
Both Armies should under one conduct joyn.  
And bid them, in our Prince's name, and ours,  
Proclaim *Prexaspes* Gen'ral of our pow'r's.

[*To his own Train.*

*Prex.* Now to assure you that this high command  
Is not plac'd idly in *Prexaspes*'s hand,  
I'll give you this first trial of my pow'r.

{  
Exeunt all the Trains  
of Otanes and Darius.

*Guards,* seize those Traitors — [*Guards seize Otanes, Darius, and Artaban.*  
— 'Tis your Fatal hour ;  
Your Stars will have it so.

[*To the Guards.*

*Otan. Dar. and Artab.* Hold your rude hands.  
*Prex.* You do forget resigning your Commands ;  
You must obey.

*Dar.* — Inhumane Treachery !

*Otan.* False Traitor to the *Persian* blood, and me,  
*All.* Unhand us, Villains.

*Prex.* — Sirs, it is too late :  
You have no time to dally with your Fate.  
Your Heads must off, and I must see it done ;  
My Lords, you all shall set before our Sun.  
On my command let your obedience wait :  
Conduct them to th' appointed Scene of Fate.  
I'll add this honour to your destiny,  
*Prexaspes* will in Person see you dye.

[*To the Guards.*

[*To them.*

*Otan.* Are we your pastime ?  
*Dar.* Bold Traitor, how can you so salvage be,  
To Act, and then to smile at Cruelty ?

*Prex.* No more, be serious, I've no time for sport :  
Consider that your dates of Life are short.

*Otan.* Perfidious Murderer, and may just Heav'n —

*Prex.* Be gone, perform that charge which I have giv'n.

[*Exeunt Otanes, Darius, and Artaban, forced out by the Guards.*  
Since both Commissions now are in my hand,  
And I do all the *Persian* Arms command ;  
Those Swords which are committed to my trust,  
*Prexaspes* will take care they shall not rust.

*Finis Actus quarti.*

[*Exit.*

*Actus*

## Actus quintus. Scena prima.

*The Scene drawn, Otanes, Darius, and Artaban appear bound and  
Chain'd in a dark Prison.*

Otan. **P**rexaspes ! Oh, tame easie Faiths, that we  
Could trust that salvage Scythian's Loyalty ;  
A Monster worse than Africk ever bred :  
Whole Breast, like Deserts, is inhabited  
By nought but Poysons.

Dar. Your mistake does seem  
Rather a gallant Virtue, than a Crime.  
For in great Minds this gen'rous instin& Rules :  
They by their own Copy all others souls ;  
Acting like those diseases, where the eye  
In its own colours does all objects dye.

*Enter Prexaspes.*

Prex. My Lords, the King is gracious, and hath sent  
To try how you can brook Imprisonment.

Otan. Imprisonment we think our greatest bliss :  
There we can see neither thy Crimes, nor His.

Prex. Am I by those that wear my Chains contemn'd ?  
I thank ye, Sirs, ye have your selves condemn'd.  
Guards, there within.

Dar. — Yes, Traytor, thou shalt see  
That we despise our Deaths as much as thee.

*Enter Guards, and Executioner.*

Otan. Must we not know the cause for which we fall ?

Prex. The cause ! ha ha — Yes, Sir, you shall.  
It is Prexaspes's pleasure you should dye.

Dar. Is this the Justice of your Cruelty ?

Prex. Justice ! Justice is but the breath of pow'r,  
When ev'ry rising King, and Conquerour

Does make that Justice, which his Pow'r makes Laws :  
 My Pow'r proclaims the Justice of my Cause.  
 And in your deaths my pleasure I fulfill ;  
 'Tis just you dye — to satisfie my will.

*Otan.* Is then your thirst of blood the onely cause ?

*Prex.* These idle interruptions make a paule  
 Onely to give you breath : for dye you must :  
 And it is just you dye — because 'tis just.

*Artab.* And is this all ?

*Prex.* —— I can some reasonshow.  
 You're Traytors to your King and Countrey too.  
 You, Sir, have twice attempted to set fire  
 On *Susa*. You, *Darius*, did conspire  
 To seize the Palace and the Treasury.  
 You, *Otanes*, have sworn Confed'racy  
 With Persia's Enemy the *Scythian* King.  
 All these, and other Treasons I could bring —  
 But you shall dye; then to the World they all  
 Shall publisch be to justifie your fall.

*Otan.* Blasphemous Lyar !

*Artab.* Is not our Murders which you have decreed  
 Sufficient, but our honours too must bleed ?

*Prex.* Your Lives and Honours must no longer shine :  
 But be extinguish't to make way for mine.

*Smerdis* must be depos'd by me alone,  
 And then *Prexaspes* steps into his Throne.  
 That my ambition may arrive to this,  
 First, I'le take off your Heads: then strike at His.

*Otan.* Though *Smerdis* be he whom I most do hate ;  
 Could I but beg one dayes reprieve of Fate,  
 I'de be the first should thy designs betray.

*Prex.* Ay, Sir, so in the other World you may.  
 These will be pretty stories for the dead :  
 And for that end you first shall lose your Head.

Strike him. [ *The Executioner bows down his Scymitar in sign of denial.*  
 What, disobey'd ? Or is it blood you fear ? [ *To the Executioner.*  
 Since my design wants an Interpreter,  
 And your tame soul can't construe my intent,  
 Slave, thou shalt dye, to trye th' experiment.

To you, my Lords, this Honour I'll afford,  
To fall by me, and this Almighty Sword.  
Stand fair. — Stay, one thing I forgot; I'm told  
You leagues of Friendship with *ther amnes* hold.

[Draws his Scymitar.]

[Darius hearing Theramnes's Name, fight.]

A sigh I know to such a Friend is due:  
But be not troubled, he shall follow you.  
Friends must not part. I'de thoughts t' have had him here,  
And for your sakes and mine, I wish he were,  
That he might see this Arm.

*Ther.* Thou hast thy will.

He sees that Arm, and so shalt thou feel his.

*Prex.* Traytors, unhand me; slaves, what do you  
Who 'tis you should obey? (know

*Ther.* Yes, Sir, they do.

And so shall you know too.

Your Guards are mine,

And your life, Traitor.

*Prex.* Curse on your design.

And curse be all the Stars that rul'd this day;

That could, or durst *Prexaspes*'s life betray.

Am I at once of all my hopes depriv'd?

*Ther.* Your greatness grew too fast to be long-liv'd.

*Dar.* Theramnes living! and preserv'd to be

The Author of our Lives and Liberty!

What sudden change does all my thoughts surprize?

Or dare I trust the witnes of my eyes?

How stiff I am, and undispos'd to move,

These pleasant charms unwilling to disprove.

Like him who Heav'n in a soft dream enjoys:

To stir and wake his Paradise destroys.

*Otan.* As Ship-wreckt men who on some shoar are cast,

Look back upon the dangers they have past.

Their horror so much of the wrack retains,

They scarcely know their safety, nor the means.

This miracle of Honour done by you,

Kind Sir, obliges, and confounds us too.

The explication we from you must know.

*Ther.* To Love and Friendship you your safeties owe.

[Advances to strike off Otanes's head, at which the Executioner undisguises himself, and appears to be Theramnes; at which the Guards seize Prexaspes, & disarm him, and unbind Otanes, Darius, and Artaban, and restore their Swords, and bind Prexaspes.]

'Theramnes could not see him fall — nor I  
 Could live to see *Orinda's* Father dye.  
 Hearing that you in Prison were detain'd,  
 By my Usurper, by *Prexaspes*'s Hand :  
 His black intentions rouz'd my soul, alarm'd  
 My sleeping spirits, and my courage arm'd.  
 I was resolv'd in spight of Fortunes hate,  
 Either to follow, or prevent your Fate.  
 But being from all other means debarr'd,  
 My only means was left to win the Guard.  
 Which their old General with ease did sway :  
 They had not quite forgot whom to obey.  
 'Twas by their help I am so happy grown,  
 To save your Lives, on which depends my own.

*Dar.* The greatest wrack my wond'ring soul endures,  
 Is how you have preserv'd your Life, not ours.

*Ther.* Know then, when you did of my Life despair,  
 And left me to brave *Megabyzes*'s care ;  
 That fam'd Physitian, whose great skill can prop  
 Mens sinking Frames, and Humane ruines stop ;  
 His Art the pow'r of Destiny controuls,  
 Gives Laws to Nature, and Reprieves to souls.  
 When he had by his subtle knowledge found,  
 My parting Life still struggled in my wound :  
 Then what strange skill, what unknown Arts he us'd,  
 What pow'rful balms he to my wounds infus'd ;  
 (Great Miracles are still great Mysteries)  
 That were too hard to tell ; let it suffice,  
 He forc'd my flying soul to a retreat :  
 And re-inforc'd my senses in their seat.  
 But then hearing your dangers, I prevail'd,  
 To have my death publisch'd, and my Cure conceal'd.  
 Till in your Service I a proof could give,  
 I had done something to deserve to live.

*Dar.* You do too much my burden'd soul o'recharge,  
 For to bear this I must my soul enlarge.  
 My joys are but too weighty for my heart.

*Ariab.* To make 'em lighter let us bear a part.

*Dar.* No, Sir, this is so great a happiness,  
 Dividing of it cannot make it less.

Brave Friend.

*Otan.* But now I have a cause affords  
A Nobler Subject for all Loyal Swords.

*Ther.* Name it ; for what cannot Theramnes do,  
When he's employ'd for Loyalty, and You ?

*Otan.* 'Tis, the deposing Smerdis.

*Ther.* ————— How, betray  
Him who the Scepter, and my Sword does sway !

*Otan.* What, an Impostor ?

*Ther.* ————— Hold, this must not be,  
Can you forget what's due to Majesty.

Were't not from you —— Do not abuse your Friend :  
He is my King, and him I must defend.

*Dar.* He whom you serve that borrow'd Title wears,  
Shame to a Throne and to the Name he bears.

Alas, that Traytor the true *Smerdis* slew.

*Prex.* Ay, and intended the same Fate for you.

*Ther.* And, what is an Impostor then maintain'd  
To wear a Crown, and by my guilty hand ?  
A base low Traytor too : and could my Sword  
A Sanctuary to his Crimes afford ?  
But, Sir, can you forgive me this offence ?

*Otan.* Your Sword can your Sword's errours recompense.

*Ther.* Once more the Executioner's my part :  
My Sword shall now do Justice on his heart.  
To right my wrongs I in your cause will joyn.

*Otan.* We cannot fail in such a brave design.

*Dar.* But for this Action we must be prepar'd  
To strike like Thunder, e're the blow be heard.

*Otan.* But e're I go, I must his sentence give :  
Traytor, thy punishment shall be to live.  
Thou in this Prison, and these Chains shalt lye ;  
I love you not so well, to let you dye.

*Prex.* Curses pursue Theramnes. All is gone.  
I'm fallen into a Prison from a Throne.  
And, what's the worst of miseries, I still  
Keep the desire, though not the pow'r to kill.  
I should not wish my ruine to recall,  
Had I but sunk an Empire in my fall :-

[ Embraces Theramnes.]

[ Points to Prex.]

[ To Prex.]

[ Exeunt all but Prexaspes.]

And

And made all *Perſia* in my ruine ſhare:  
 That when Poſterity my deeds ſhould hear,  
 It ſhould ſuch horror from my name contract,  
 Trembling to hear what I made ſport to Act.  
 But now muſt calmly dye. Had I but firſt  
 Like Earthquakes through the trembling World diſperſt,  
 Shook Natures frames, and all Mankind o'rethrown,  
 I then could dye — not to ſurvice alone.  
 But now muſt tamely periſh. — Well, I ſee  
 The gods themſelves act by State-policy.  
 They therefore ſpightfully my Fate decreed :  
 'Cause if my riſing glories did proceed,  
 They knew my pow'r to that vast height would ſway,  
 Prexaspeſe would have grown more feaſ'd, than they. [The Scene ſhuts upon him.

### Scena Secunda. Scene, the Palace.

Enter Smerdis, leading Phedima.

*Smerd.* My Faith's confounded by my happiness :  
 'Tis the height makes the object ſeem the leſt.

Have you this blessing really design'd ? —

Not, Madam, that I doubt you can be kind :

But he —

Whole happy doom an Oracle has giv'n,

May doubt th' intent, though not the pow'r of Heav'n.

*Phed.* You urge too much what I've too plain expreſt :  
 And force my bluſhes to make out the reſt.

*Smerd.* Pardon my doubt. 'Twas my excess of joy  
 That did my ſence of happiness deſtroy.

This day, fair Excellence, prepare to be

Poffessor made, both of my Throne, and Me.

All glories do to Love inferiour prove ;

As glory waits on Crowns, ſo Crowns on Love.

[Proffers to lead her out.]

*Phed.* But, Sir, to Heav'n I ſolemnly have vow'd,  
 That till the gods have their conſents allow'd,

I ne're would yield my Love. Whom they design,

Must take his Title from their Voice, not mine.

Permit me then to execute my Vow,

First, pay my debts to Heav'n, and then to You.

*Smerd.* To

*Smerd.* To th' Temple then we instantly will haste,  
 And there I'll hear my happy sentence past.  
 To their consents I will the gods conjure ;  
 What common charms can't do, yours will procure.  
 And Heav'n that does all lesser Victims prize,  
 Can't but accept a Lovers Sacrifice.

[ *Exeunt.* ]

## Scena Ultima.

The Scene open'd, appears a Temple of the Sun, uncover'd according to the  
 Antient Custome, with an Altar in the middle, bearing two large  
 burning Tapers ; and on each side a Priest standing.

Enter to them, Smerdis, leading Phedima.

1. *Priest.* Hail, King of Kings, third of that Royal Name,  
 Heir to great Cyrus's Empire, and his Fame.

2. *Priest.* Hail, Mighty Monarch, whose high Race begun  
 From the World's Conqu'rour, and our god the Sun.

*Smerd.* Summon your god-heads. I demand from Heav'n,  
 In one Petition more than e're was giv'n :  
 I ask not Crowns, those I esteem leis dear :  
 Crowns I can give, — for I bestow one here.

[ *Bowing to Phedima.* ]

1. *Priest.* Sir, since your greatness, and her Beauty is  
 So near alli'd to their Divinities,  
 You by such tyes do the gods Friendship bind,  
 Heav'n were unnatural, were it unkind.

*Smerd.* I then would know whether the gods approve  
 That I should be made happy in that Love  
 Which they themselves inspir'd. If by their Voice  
 They will consent to this our Royal Choice ;  
 I'll stote their Altars, and I'll make 'em shine  
 With the most glorious of all flames, — but mine.  
 All this, and greater things than this I'll do,  
 With such Magnificence, that Heav'n shall know  
 Who 'tis it has oblig'd.

1. *Priest.* ————— The Pow'rs of Heav'n  
 Need not these bribes : Their favour's freely giv'n.  
 Do but with patience, Mighty Sir, attend,  
 Untill our Rites, and Pow'rful Charms we end ;

L

And

And you shall know, how kind their pleasures are,  
When you, great King, are their Petitioner.

You subtle Spirits that do flye  
Around the Regions of the Sky;  
And as a spy, or as a Guest,  
Can pierce into the closest breastes  
And make discoveries of all  
Events that in your Circuits fall;  
Swift as your own wing'd Lightning send  
Your nimblest Herald to attend  
This Royal Pair: That they may know  
What Fate Heav'n does their Loves allow.  
You who in borrow'd shapes appear,  
And cheat the eye, but not the ear,  
Within this Ayery Circle here,  
I do conjure you to appear.

[ Waves his wand round.

Obey our Charms, as we obey your pow'rs,  
And tell that Monarch's Fate, whose Fate tells ours.

*A Glorious Spirit descends behind the Altar, and speaks.*

Spir. To shew how Heav'n does your desires approve,  
Th' immortal gods in kindness to your Love,  
Have for your wounded heart this Fate in store,  
After this happy day to bleed no more.

For Persia's glory their high pow'rs design  
Your Love shall like these sacred Tapers shine.  
And to compleat what Heav'n intended has,  
Your Love and hopes shall end in an embrace.  
And to your Beauty the just gods ordain  
You only for the Persian Monarch's Queen.

Your Merits have from Heav'n this favour found,  
Your Love and You shall both this day be Crown'd.  
But what my Message has not full express'd,  
Your Fortunes and success shall speak the rest.

{ Points to the Tapers  
on the Altar.

[ To Phed.

[ Ascends again.

Smerd. Let Heav'n and Fortune keep the rest in store,  
Till my soul's large enough to wish for more.

Now,

Now, Madam, I with boldness dare declare  
When Heav'n is kind, that I presume you are.

*Phed.* If 'tis my Fate, that cannot be repeal'd  
Which Heav'n has granted, and the gods have seal'd.

*Smerd.* That our advancing joys may ne're retreat,  
Now let our Nuptial tyes our Loves compleat.

*As Smerdis advances, leading Phedima towards the Altar, a soft Musick  
is heard, suppos'd, in the Air.*

What pleasant Musick's this that charms my ears?

*1. Priest.* Some Aiery Consort from the lower Sphears:  
A sacred Tribute which the gods do pay,  
To add a glory to your Nuptial day.

*Here two glorious Spirits descend in Clouds, by whom this Song is sung;*

*1. Spir.* **K**ings from the Gods, and from our Elements  
Derive their greatness, and descents.  
*Since they are sparks of Heav'n*

*'Tis just they have from us this Title giv'n,  
To share our Pow'r and God-heads too,  
As being Heav'n's Deputies of State below.*

*2. Spir.* No, no, 'tis otherwise decreed,  
Heav'n's Councils do more cautiously proceed.  
Monarchs, as Rivals to the gods, should find

*Heav'n must not by State-laws be kind.*

*The gods for their own greatness sake,  
None but themselves immortal make.*

*The glories and the pow'r of Kings,  
Are fading things;*

*Like th' objects of soft dreams desir'd,  
Courted, Enjoy'd, and in th' embrace expir'd,  
And vanish't whilst they are admir'd.*

*Then Smerdis, Smerdis, Smerdis, 'tis high time to wake.*

*The Song ended, the Musick turns into an Alarm, at which a bloody Cloud  
interposes between the Audience and the Spirits; and being immedi-  
ately remov'd, the Ghosts of Cambyses, and the true Smerdis  
appear in the seats of the former Spirits.*

*Smerd.* Ha ! Smerdis, and Cambyses ! whom the one  
I of his Title rob'd, to'ther his Throne.

But sure the gods mistake 'emselves, to think  
 That *Smerdis*'s courage can at shadows shrink.  
 Are these the Tragick Masquers of the Sky,  
 Whose Aiery nothing onely cheats the eye?  
 Let wandring fires and meteors make them stray  
 Who do not know their Guider, nor their way:  
 But such weak trifles cannot *Smerdis* fright:  
 Your gods too late my envy'd greatness spight.  
 I have out-done the utmost they dare do:

Mock on ——— *Smerdis* defies your gods, and you.  
 I am above your threats; such empty things  
 Borrow the form, but I the pow'r of Kings.  
 No, keep your thin and feigned shapes; but know  
 It was my Treason that transform'd you so.  
 And for this Masque the gods may thank me for't;  
 'Twas I gave 'em the Subject for their sport.

*Here the Alarm renews, and some flashes of fire flye cross the Stage, and the bloody Cloud interposes again, and stays; the two Tapers on the Altar flask, and expire; and [Treason] is heard from within, and a noise of Swords.*

What do I hear?

*Enter Patafithes, amaz'd.*

*Pat.* Treason. We are betray'd.

*Smerd.* And Heav'n it self too has the Traitor plaid.

Shall my Love thus like to these Tapers shine?

Their light's gone out, and so I fear will mine.

Curse on their Riddles.

*[Treason cryed again.]*

*Pat.* Ha! the noise comes near.

My fears increase.

*Smerd.* No, 'tis too late to fear.

But oh, that *Smerdis* could his Fate recall,

And Reign but one day longer er'e he fall,

To be reveng'd of Heav'n before he dyes:

Id'e turn their Temples to one Sacrifice.

Thus by our gods betray'd!

Can there be Treason harbour'd in that Name!

They're all Impostors, greater than I am.

*Enter*

Enter Theramnes, Otanes, Darius, and Artaban, with  
 their Swords drawn : Theramnes making a pass at Smerdis, they  
 each missing their pass's, close ; whilst they struggle, Pata-  
 sitheus engages with Otanes ; and whilst Darius and  
 Artaban offer to thrust through Smerdis, in  
 Theramnes's Arms, Theramnes  
 speaks.

*Ther.* Thrust through us both, rather than miss his heart.

[Darius stabs Smerdis, and Otanes kills Patastheus.]

*Dar.* Fortune to guide my Sword took Friendships part.

*Smerd.* Was this th' Embrace in which the gods intend

*My Love* and Life should with my Empire end ?

T has reacht my heart. This Fate Heav'n had in store,

That thus my Wounded Heart should bleed no more.

[Dies.]

*Otan.* Now, Daughter, you have for your Countries good,  
 Done what becomes your Duty, and your blood.

[To Phed.]

*Phed.* What I have done, was in a Crown's defence,  
 And 'twas an Act of my Obedience.

*Dar.* But I this deed an Act of Love must call,  
 When you're an Actor in my Rival's fall.

[To Phed.]

There's wanting yet to th' Triumphs of this day,  
 That you accept the Crown of *Perſia*.

[To Otan.]

*Otan.* My Age, and Youth, with different passions move,  
 I am above the charms of Pow'r, or Love.

[To Darius.]

My thoughts flye higher than t' inherit Thrones :  
 Not to wear Diadems, but dispose of Crowns.  
 But since my Birth makes me an Empires Heir,  
 Thus I accept the Crown, — to place it here.

*Dar.* Should I accept your birth's and merits due,  
 I should both injure *Perſia*, and You.  
 No, my Ambition, Sir, shall never climb  
 Where the acceptance of a Throne's a Crime.

*Otan.* Since you so nobly do refuse a Crown,  
 I will this Title of a Monarch own :  
 I, as your King, this second proffer make,  
 On your Allegiance, wear it for my sake.

*Dar.* No, Sir, my Honour pleads in my defence,  
 I should be guilty in Obedience.

*Otan.* Since :

Otan. Since you at this command refuse a Throne,  
Thus I command you ——— Take it as my Son.

[Gives him Phed.

Enter Orinda, and Ladies.

Dar. In this, my Lord, you do new charms infuse,  
Love makes me take what Honour did excuse.  
In this you give more than a Crown, I dare  
Accept an Empire, to divide it here.

[Bows to Phed.

Omnis. Long live Darius, King of Persia.

[Here the two Tapers on the Altar light again by two flashes  
of fire, which descend and kindle them.

2. Priest. This omen Heav'n does to your Empire shew,  
That light expir'd with him revives with you.  
Thus gloriouly the sacred Tapers shone,  
That day when Cyrus did ascend the Throne.

1. Priest. But e're we Crown you King, 'tis just you knew  
Our Laws are sacred next our gods, and you ;  
Laws, which by Monarchs too must be obey'd,  
And in their right I now am bound to plead.  
'Tis written, Sir, in Persia's strict Decrees,  
If any Persian King by Treason dyes,  
That day his Heir does his high seat supply,  
His Predecessors Murderer must dye.  
You therefore in Cambyses's cause are bound  
To Act his Justice first, and then be Crown'd.

Dar. Ye gods, that do to Kings this charge entrust,  
You make us cruel when you make us just.  
Bring in the Captive Princes.

Phed. ——— What new Scene  
Is this that must your Justice entertain ?

Dar. An object, that had but her soul conform'd  
To that perfection which her eyes adorn'd;  
Her Virtues glorious as her Beauty shwon,  
Madam, she, like your self, deserv'd a Throne,  
But since Cambyses's blood by her was spilt,  
She by her own must expiate her guilt.  
Justice and War in this alike partake,  
The bloodiest spoyls the greatest Triumphs make.

Enter

*Enter the suppos'd Mandana, in a Mourning Habit, with a black Veil over her Face, attended by Guards and Executioner.*

Had we not ow'd that blood unto your hand,  
Which does my Sentence, and your Death demand,  
You should not thus, but a more noble way  
Have made a part i'th' Triumphs of this Day :  
I then a milder Justice would have shewn,  
Not took your Life, but have restor'd your Crown.  
I'm sorry then I'm so ill taugh by you,  
By your Example to be cruel too.

Yet, pardon me, that Sentence I must give,  
Which I want pow'r, not pity, to reprieve:  
I. Priest. Her Sentence, Sir, is but too long desert'd.  
Dar. Then Executioner —————

Phed. ————— Hold, till I'm heard.

Darius, I my duty should betray,  
Not to shew pity where so much you pay.  
Know then, I am your Rival, and dare own  
A share in this as well as in your Throne.  
Princes, your Birth and Fortune merits more  
Than ev'ry common pity can deplore.  
Heav'n to the great this cruel Fortune gives :  
The gods have made you prodigal of your Lives  
To rob Mankind.

[ To Mand. ]

*Enter Mandana, lead in by Guards, and Attendants.*

Mand. — At your command I come.  
T'attend your Sentence, and embrace my doom.

I. Guards. I was by that Impostor brib'd, but loath  
To violate my trust, I brought 'em both.

Dar. Your Fate is in such Mysteries involv'd,  
That Riddle, e're you dye, must be resolv'd.

Mand. What Friend, or Ravisher robs me of my doom,  
Borrowing my likeness to usurp my Tomb;  
To save my Life, and Sacrifice their own ?  
Though Love may Rivals have, sure Death has none.

[ Points to the other. ]

[ Points to the other. ]

Death

Death has no charms, or onely charms to me ;  
 'Cause dying, I shall visit Heav'n, and Thee,  
 My dear *Osiris*.

*Osir.* No, he waits you here. [ *Undisguising himself, and flinging off the Veil.*  
*Osiris*, Madam, has not left your sphear.

*Mand.* *Osiris's* soul, and come to wait on mine !  
 Heav'n to our Loves this kindness does design.

Oh, my dear Saint, stay but till I am dead,  
 And from these Earthly Chains of Nature freed ;  
 And then my soul shall go along with thine,  
 Whilst we in Aiery soft embraces twine.

We're like a mounting whirlwind upward move ;  
 We're flye in Circles in the Arms of Love.

There the kind gods shall to our breasts inspire  
 Such sparks of Heav'n, such new and glorious fire,  
 That to that height we will our Loves repair,  
 Till our kind flames shall kindle to a Star.

Now, Executioner.

*Osir.* — Hold, you mistake,  
*Osiris* lives ; and had Heav'n for his sake  
 And yours been kind, he'd liv'd t' have dyed for you.

*Mand.* *Osiris* lives ! Oh, then, might I live too.

*Osir.* Know then, that when you saw me last, when I  
 Was by *Cambyses*'s rage condemn'd to dye :  
 It was the Tyrant's Fortune, to prefer  
 Lord *Artaban* to be my Murderer.

But he —  
 Pitying my Youth, and something which he read  
 Did in my looks for his compassion plead,  
 In a compliance to the Tyrant's breath,  
 Disguis'd me in a borrow'd Mask of Death :  
 And thence till now my Person did secure  
 To free me from the Tyrant's eye, and pow'r.

*Mand.* Which does the greater wonder seem, to see  
*Osiris* live, or come to dye for me ?

*Osir.* You need not wonder, since you know the cause ;  
 Love has a pow'r above all Nature's Laws.  
 Dying for you I should so happy prove,  
 T' have done a deed worthy my self, and Love.

To shew your Friendship, let my Princess live?

*Dar.* Oh, now you ask, what I want pow'r to give.

1. *Priest.* The Persian Laws, like to their god, the Sun,  
In one unalterable course must run.

And she must dye, nor must you favour show,  
Because our gods, and Laws will have it so.

*Ofir.* If Heav'n delights in humane Sacrifice,  
May not my Death those cruel gods suffice?  
To save her Life, on me that Grace confer,  
To fall a Sacrifice to Heav'n, and Her.

*Mand.* Hold, Sir, your zeal your rashness does declare;  
Lovers in all things but in Death may share.  
Know then, kind Rival, that 'tis only I  
*Mandana* in *Mandana's* cause must dye.

*Ther.* *Mandana*!

To see you, Madam, I must bless my eyes:  
But I must curse 'em when I see she dyes.

*Mand.* Prince *Intaphernes*, what strange Stars have sent  
You here to see that Fate you can't prevent?

*Ther.* I do conjure you spare this Princess's blood,  
By all that's Friendship, all that's great, and good.

[Runs to her.]

[Aside.]

[Kneels to Dar.]

*Dar.* *Theramnes*, rise. — New wonders you create.

*Ther.* 'Tis Nature's tyes make me her Advocate.

2. *Priest.* You need no Arguments to plead her cause,  
For she must dye, to satisfie our Laws.

*Ther.* If then your Laws such cruelty exact,  
To save her Life, I'lle justifie the Fact.

Oh, Sir, you must her Life reprieve; you know  
That to her Hand you do your Scepter owe.

[To the Priest:]

[To Dar.]

*Dar.* I from *Cambyses's* Death my Crown derive:  
Not from her guilt that did his Death contrive.

Come then, *Theramnes*, plead her cause no more,  
I want not Friendship, but I want the pow'r

To save her Life, though for *Theramnes's* sake;

Yet 'tis our Laws, not I, that life will take.

Our Laws which do this cruelty enjoyn,  
I cannot save her Life for him who gave me mine.

Now, Executioner. — But hold — I see

No Kings of *Persia* from her pow'r are free.

She Murder'd him, and now she conquers me.

My pity tells me that she must not dye.

*Mand.* Sir, your delays are but your cruelty:  
And since my Death is by your Laws design'd,  
A speedy Justice, Sir, is onely kind.

*Ofr.* Hold, Sir, I'll interpose 'twixt her, and Death:  
And in my Breast the Fatal weapon sheath.

*Mand.* 'Tis I must dye. You do your Princess wrong:  
Live, though I dye, —— But do not live too long.  
For, dying, I to Heav'n a Stranger go,  
Wand'ring alone, whilst you stay here below.  
And wanting your kind presence, I shall be  
A Pilgrim in that vast Eternity.

But that my Soul may not mistake her way,  
I'll track your steps, and in your shadow play.  
When I'm resolv'd to Air, a subtle guest  
I'll hov'ring flye, and steal into your Breast.  
And in my Aيري Pilgrimage I'll make

*Mandana's* soul part of that breath you take.  
I'll keep my Image in your brest entire,  
Inspiring you with chaste and jambent fire.  
Sometimes I will with gentle whispers flow,  
Sometimes I will a stormy murmur blow.  
And in this Language my addresses make,  
Breathing that Love which I want words to speak.

*Ofr.* O cruel Princess, now you are unkind,  
To think, when you are dead, I'll stay behind,  
For when *Ofris* sees *Mandana* dye,  
Sorrow will Act that which their hands deny.

*Mand.* My thoughts were fixt on Heav'n: But, for your sake,  
Something, I know not what, does pluck 'em back,  
And I could wish to live.

*I. Priest.* —— Our Laws you wrong,  
In the deferring of her Death thus long.

*Dar.* Since Lives, and Laws depend upon my breath,  
He meets his own, that does but name her Death.

*I. Priest.* Great Sir, you do forget that Crown you wear.

*Dar.* 'Tis true, I do: And Scepters sacred are.  
Act you my part: whilst I avert my eyes;  
My pity shall pay homage when she dyes,

And since she suffers for my Empire's sake,  
 A Monarch's tears  
 Part of that Royal Sacrifice shall make.

I. Priest. Now, Executioner — — —

*Enter Prexaspes, lead in by Guards.*

Prex. — — — Hold, Sir, till I  
 Will give you leave to strike, and her to dye.

I. Guard. He from the Prison an escape has wrought,  
 But we surpriz'd him in his flight, and brought  
 Him here before you.

Prex. Think you a Prison could my pow'r controul,  
 When Empire was too narrow for my soul?  
 I from your Chains, Sir, have my self set free,  
 To tell you, You ascend your Throne by Me.  
 But be not proud, nor think *Prexaspes* has  
 On you alone confer'd his Acts of grace.  
 To shew the World that I am complaisant,  
 Her Life I as my gracious favour grant.  
 For it shall ne're be said, a Woman's Name  
 Usurpt *Prexaspes*'s Treasons, or his Fame.  
 A Woman shall not my great Rival be;  
 The Fate of Kings only belongs to Me.  
*Cambyses, Amasis, and Smerdis*, all  
 Those Pageant Princes by my hand did fall.  
 And had not Fortune my Ambition crost,  
 You had your Lives too with your Empire lost.  
 'Tis true, your Laws require my blood, but know  
 I'll rob you of the Honour of that blow.  
 High spirits have this Refuge, Sir, and I,  
 My greatness and my pow'r expir'd, can dye.  
 But he who did the Fate of Kings command,  
 Does scorn to fall by any common Hand.  
 Since my Life was unactive, Fame shall tell  
 Not how *Prexaspes* liv'd, but how he fell.  
 Thus he your greatness, and your pow'r defies:  
 And thus *Prexaspes* by *Prexaspes* dyes.

[ Points to Mand.

[ Draws his Dagger.

[ Stabs himself, and falls.

Dar. Thus may all Traytors fall.

Prex. ————— Ye gods, I come ;  
 For since the World could not afford me room :  
 Since all the barren Fates could not supply  
 My hand with blood, I'll mount into the Sky,  
 And hang a blazing Comet in the Air :  
 That thus the World Me when I'm dead may fear.  
 Whilst o're the Earth new horrors I contract,  
 Still threatening, what I cannot live to act.

Dar. This mighty work of Fate we must admire,  
 Thus the gods guard those Virtues they inspire.  
 His blood thus spilt has this kind Justice done,  
 It saves your Life, and punishes his own.  
 Thus bruised Scorpions this Virtue have,  
 They yield a Cure to the same wounds they gave.  
 But whence, Sir, does your strange Alliance spring?

Ther. Sir, I was Son to the late Syrian King ;  
 Brother to the brave Amasis. My Name  
 Is Intaphernes.

Dar. ————— I have heard his Fame.  
 What cause, Sir, was it ; and what happy chance,  
 That made you to the Persian Court advance ?

Int. It was, great Sir, Revenge and Honours Charms :  
 My ill success against Cambyses's Arms  
 I'th Syrian Wars, where my dear Father's blood  
 Was spilt, and mixt among the common flood.  
 My Army vanquisht, and his Empire lost,  
 And all the hopes of my succession crost,  
 I saw Cambyses with my Lawrels Crown'd.  
 No other means for my Revenge being found,  
 I came to Persia in a borrow'd Name,  
 To Right my wrongs, and to repair my Fame.  
 By Acts of Chivalry, and Martial sport,  
 I found acquaintance in the Persian Court ;  
 With Patasthes I Alliance gain'd,  
 Who had the Persian Government obtain'd,  
 During Cambyses's Travels. Him I won  
 To place Cambyses's Brother in the Throne.  
 For he descending from the Median blood,  
 Which Empire Cyrus had so late subdu'd,

[ Dyes.

[ To Mand.

Took

Took the Infection, the design embrac'd,  
But in the Throne he his own Kinsman plac'd.  
Who in that borrow'd Name to th' Empire climbs,  
Making my Sword a Patron to his Crimes.  
And by that cheat abus'd the World, and me,  
Deluding both our Faiths and Loyalty.

*Dar.* Since Laws of Monarchy so rigid are,  
That in my Throne my Friend's forbid to share :  
Accept an Empire in my Breast — and here ;  
And may our Royal Sister in your Love,  
As happy as I in your Friendship prove.

[Gives him Orinda.]

*Otan.* Your worth, brave *Intaphernes*, makes her yours.

*Int.* Madam —————

*Orind.* Obedience my consent procures.  
Yet though a Father, and a Brother too,  
Have both bestow'd me as a gift on You ;  
I in that gift must grant the Nobler part ;  
They give *Orinda*, I *Orinda's* heart.

*Int.* Yours in a Crown, in Love's my happiness ;  
Mine may be lower, Sir, than yours, not less.

[To Darius.]

*Dar.* The Syrian Lawrels now shall fade no more :  
Your Merits do your Ravisht Crown restore.  
And for —————

[To Int.]

Those wrongs *Cambyses* has to *Egypt* done,  
I give 'em back more than his Arms e're won.  
Your self I to your Throne restore. Thus Fate  
Ordains that glory should on Beauty wait.

[To Mand.]

*Osir.* Do you remember now your Vows, and Love ?

*Mand.* Love, of all Crimes, cannot forgetful prove.

Since thus my calmer Fates restore my Crown,  
Now the gods smile, *Mandana* cannot frown.  
Honour and Love now both perform their part,  
I give an Empire where I give a heart.

*Otan.* Though for your sake I do a Throne disdain,  
Yet my Posterity with yours shall Reign.  
And in your Heirs your blood shall mix with mine :  
As divers Fountains in one Current joyn.  
This to my Fame the only glory brings,  
Not to wear Crowns, but have a Race of Kings.

[To Darius.]

*Dar.* And i

*Dar.* And this my onely glory I must own,  
 Adopted to your blood, and to a Throne.  
 All that I am, your Beauty rais'd me to :  
 I to a Crown aspire to merit you.  
 Thus to a Throne no common wayes I move,  
 Others rise by Ambition, I by Love.

[ To Phed.

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### Epilogue.

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# EPILOGUE.

The Persian Laws now cease to seem severe ;  
You have more cruel Laws that govern here ;  
Your undisputed pow'r, who Judges fit,  
To Sentence all the trespasses of wit.  
How can our Author then his doom recall ?  
He knows he must under your Justice fall ;  
Being guilty of so capital a Crime,  
As shedding so much Humane blood in Rhime.  
Amongst you Wits such monstrous factions rage,  
Such various censures, that 'tis thought the Stage  
Breeds more Opinions, and produces far  
More Heresies than the late Civil War.  
Nay, Poets too themselves, of late, they say,  
The greatest Hectors are that e're buff'd Play.  
Like the Issue of the Dragons teeth, one brother  
In a poetick fury falls on t'other.  
'Tis thought you'll grow to that excess of Rage,  
That Ben had need come guarded on the Stage.  
Nay, you have found a most compendious way  
Of Damning, now, before you see the Play.  
But maugre all your spight, Poets of late  
Stand stoutly unconcern'd at their Play's Fate ;  
Provided, 'tis their destiny to gain,  
Like the fam'd Royal Slave, a third dayes Reign.  
Then sacrifice 'em as you please ——————  
But if you'll be so prodigal to give  
Our sawy Scribler a three dayes reprieve ;  
He impudently swears he'll boldly sue,  
When your hand's in, to beg your pardon too.  
If this, his first, but prosperously hit,  
And scape those Rocks where he sees others split :  
He vows he'll write once more, only to show  
What your kind favour's influence can do.  
Faith, for once grant it, that the world may say  
Your smiles have been the Authors of a Play.

Postscript.

## Postscript.

I Would not be so ungrateful to the memory  
of the Dead, as not to acknowledge, that my  
fellow Student had some hand with me in the  
beginning of this Tragedy; but, dying six  
Moneths before the finishing of the Play, he  
did not live to see two Acts compleat: nor are  
there sixty lines of his remaining; which little  
concern has in the thoughts of some given him  
a Title to the whole. And 'tis the pleasure of  
others, to accuse me of stealing out of an Old  
obsolete Tragi-Comedy, called, *Cambyses, King*  
*of Persia*; a Play which I had never heard of  
till this had been Acted: but however, those  
that have seen that may find that I might have  
borrow'd better language from *Sternhold* and  
*Hopkins*.

FINIS

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